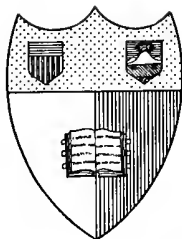


SOME MEMORIES OF
MY SPARE TIME



SIR HENRY BRACKENBURY, G.C.B.





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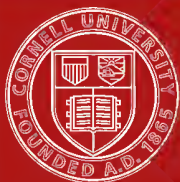
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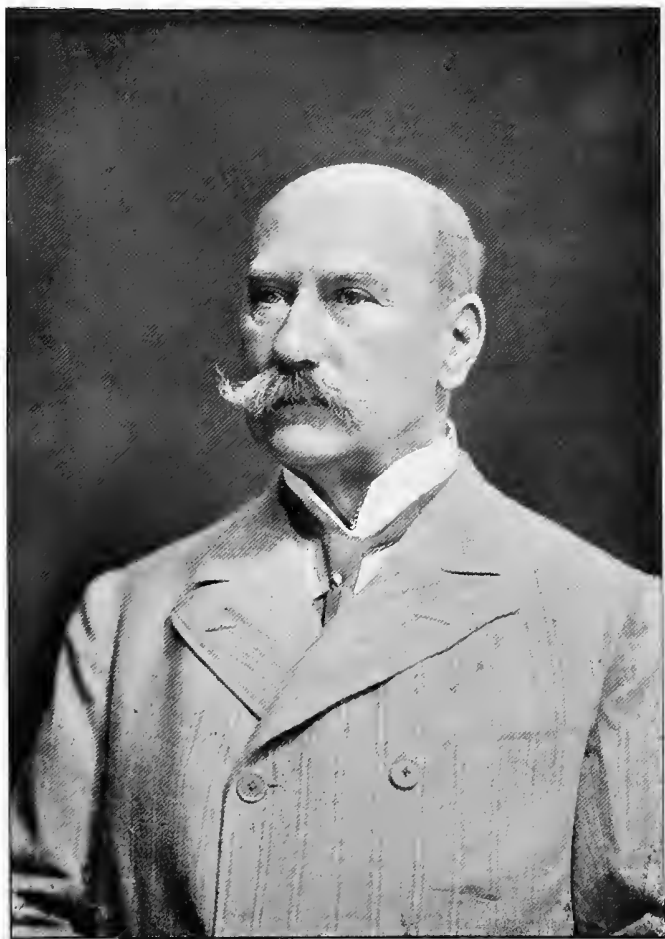
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Some Memories of My Spare Time



THE AUTHOR.

From a Photograph by F. B. Ciolina, taken at Bad Nauheim in 1904.

Some Memories of My Spare Time

BY

GENERAL THE RIGHT HON.

SIR HENRY BRACKENBURY, G.C.B., K.C.S.I.

William Blackwood and Sons
Edinburgh and London

1909

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PREFACE.

SOME years after my retirement from the active list in 1904, I began, as an occupation for my leisure hours, to jot down some recollections of men and events that I had come into contact with in the earlier years of my life, and it seemed to me that they might possibly be of interest to my friends and others. Hence these "Memories of My Spare Time," in which my official life is only mentioned so far as is necessary to connect the memories together, or to relate an occasional incident that seems worth preserving to illustrate the manners of other times.

H. B.

MENTON, FRANCE,
April 1909.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

COMTE FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

IN the April number of 'Blackwood's Magazine' Sir Henry Brackenbury told the story of a dinner given by M. de Blowitz in Paris to Comte Ferdinand de Lesseps, and related the substance of a speech made at that dinner, in which M. de Blowitz gave a romantic version of the events leading to the marriage of M. de Lesseps.

After this volume, in which the story is repeated, had gone to press, we received the following from Comte Mathieu de Lesseps :—

“ The story concerning my grandfather M. Autard de Bragard and the marriage of my mother is quite a fairy tale. My grandfather, although he came

to France on account of his wife's health and his daughters' education, was so far from being ruined that, at his death, his six children inherited each 600,000 francs ; at that time this was not considered poverty. My grandfather was never employed in the works of the Suez Canal, and never thought of asking for that employment. He only got acquainted with my father, Count F. de Lesseps, at the inauguration of the Suez Canal, to which he was invited by the Khedive as first Magistrate of Mauritius Island and as a distinguished traveller. It was on this occasion that my father first met Mademoiselle Autard de Bragard, and was struck by her beauty and her charm, and married her. My mother belonged to a very ancient French family of the Dauphiné, established in Mauritius Island at the end of the eighteenth century."

We have great pleasure in publishing this statement ; and Sir Henry Brackenbury, to whom we have communicated the letter of Comte Mathieu de Lesseps, writes as follows :—

" I am grateful to Comte Mathieu de Lesseps for

stating the facts as regards his mother's marriage. My article in your April number related faithfully the substance of the romantic story told by M. de Blowitz at the dinner in question in presence of Count Ferdinand de Lesseps. I made a note of the story at the time, but I am, of course, in no way responsible for what M. de Blowitz said. Had I known the facts were so different from his version, I should not have repeated, after this long interval of time, M. de Blowitz' story. That 'fairy story' was so gracefully told, and occurred in a speech so generous in praise, that I can understand Comte Ferdinand de Lesseps did not like to correct it at the time, or to contradict his host at his own table; but the fact of his silence and his reply to my question at the time led me to believe the story was more exact than it appears to have been."

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SOME MEMORIES OF MY SPARE TIME.

CHAPTER I.

My first Commission—Join the Royal Artillery—Some of my Contemporaries—Service under a hard drinker—Devonport in the Fifties—Volunteer for service in the Indian Mutiny Campaign—Experiences during the Campaign—The Banda and Kirwee prize—Contribute to 'Punch'—Appointed to the Staff of the Royal Military Academy—A remarkable murder trial—Archæological studies—The British Museum—The Bodleian Library—Result of my studies—Work for Messrs Longmans & Co.—'Fraser's Magazine'—Mr J. A. Froude—Rev. Charles Kingsley—'St Paul's Magazine'—Mr Anthony Trollope—Sir Charles Trevelyan and his son.

THE first commission I ever held was that of Ensign in the Seventh Battalion of Quebec Militia. This was given me in

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1853, when, as a boy of sixteen, I was studying law under Mr Archibald Campbell, Her Majesty's Notary at Quebec, who commanded the battalion. In 1854, after the outbreak of the Crimean War, I returned to England and received a nomination for the Royal Military Academy, subject to a qualifying examination. While I was reading for this examination it was announced that these appointments were to be thrown open to general competition. I had the good fortune to pass fifth, obtaining good marks in Mathematics, Latin, French, and German, and, on joining as a gentleman cadet in 1855, was appointed Senior Under Officer on the strength of my previous Militia commission, though my only military knowledge was what I had gained by attending one muster parade.

In April 1856 I received a commission as a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. We held our "Commission dinner" at the

Wellington Restaurant in St James' Street, that building which, having risen in 1827 as Crockford's notorious gambling club, formed the theme of Luttrell's satire, "Crockford House," and is now the Devonshire Club. Some of the batch attained distinction in after years. Home of the Royal Engineers made a high reputation both as a Field Engineer on active service and at the Intelligence Department; but he died young from the effects of typhoid fever contracted on the Bulgarian Boundary Commission. Strahan of the Royal Artillery, afterwards Sir George Strahan, accompanied Mr Gladstone on his mission to the Ionian Islands, and later became Governor of the Cape Colony. Richard Waddington, of whom more will be said presently, became a French Sénateur.

I joined at Woolwich early in June. The service was then very different from

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what it is now. The race of hard drinkers had not quite died out, and under one of them it was my lot to serve. My first parade as a commissioned officer was a Sunday morning church parade. After inspecting the men, I saluted my senior officer and asked if I might march off the "persuasions,"—the term used to denote those who were not of the Established Church. "You may march the whole lot to —, for all I care," was the muttered reply.

After two or three weeks, our company of Garrison Artillery was ordered to Plymouth.

We railed to London Bridge, the terminus in those days of the North Kent Railway, and marched in single file to Paddington, where my superior officer formed up the company on the platform, ordered them to pile arms, gave the word "Dismiss," and disappeared, the greater number of the men at once bolting out of the station and into every public-house in the neighbourhood.

With the help of the sergeant-major and other non-commissioned officers, I mounted a guard over the arms, and sent patrols to collect the men, so that when the commanding officer returned I had them formed up in such order as their condition allowed. We got them into the train, when, in a very thick voice, he told me to warn the men in every compartment that they were not to bring any drink into the train. Then, about 10 P.M., we started. At the first station we halted at my commanding officer put some money into my hand and told me to get him a soda-water bottle full of brandy. I dutifully obeyed, but on my return (the uniform of a subaltern was in the dim light undistinguishable from that of a gunner) he suddenly turned on me, and saying "What have you got there?" seized the bottle and flung it on the rails, ordering me to get into the train. I did so, and presently, when we had again started, he asked, "Where's my

brandy?" His language may be imagined when I told him he had just thrown it under the train. Poor fellow, he had been so conspicuously gallant in the Crimea, and he had so many good qualities, that he was saved as long as possible, but some three years later the inevitable blow fell, and he was compelled to resign.

Plymouth, or rather Devonport, was a very pleasant station in those days. There was no "Flying Cornishman," the journey to London was a long one, and there was good society in the neighbourhood. Lawn tennis, golf, and even croquet were unknown. But there were boating and bathing, archery parties, picnics on Dartmoor, cricket matches on the Hoe, and a delightful cricket week with dances at Teignbridge. There were many other dances, and the Devonshire girls in their crinolines were very pretty. In the winter there was hunting, Trelawny being Master, and that quaint character old Limpety

hunter, while among the well-known and popular figures who followed the hounds were Tom Lane and Parson Bulteel. So there was no lack of amusement or of occupation for my spare time.

Two memories stand out conspicuously from that year at Devonport. In August 1856, the Royal Yacht, having encountered bad weather in the Channel, put into Plymouth harbour with the Queen and the Prince Consort on board. They decided to travel to Southampton by train, and before starting reviewed the garrison on Mount Wise, where I had the honour for the first time of marching past Her Majesty. After the parade I was sent for by the Adjutant-General of Artillery, who had come down from London, and an order was dictated to me. It commenced, "The Queen having for the sake of uniformity commanded that all the army shall wear a moustache," and continued by forbidding the wearing of beards which

were still being sported by the veterans of the Crimea. It was easy for them to shave off their beards, but not so easy for the young subaltern of eighteen to wear a moustache.

The second memory is of hearing Thackeray deliver his lectures on "The Four Georges." I can remember, as though it were yesterday, that tall commanding figure, and the mingled pain and pleasure with which I listened to the scathing torrent of satire.

In 1857 came the news of the Indian Mutiny. I at once volunteered, and had the good fortune to be accepted for active service. I was acting as Adjutant of the Royal Artillery in the western district, and told my colonel, a Peninsular veteran, of my desire to see active service, asking him to forward and recommend my application. He said he would forward, but would not recommend it, as my services could not be spared. Knowing there were

plenty of senior officers ready and willing to take the adjutancy, I begged him, when laying my written application before him, not to say that I could not be spared. But he would not be persuaded. Meanwhile, I had written to my uncle Colonel Sir Edward Brackenbury,¹ an old friend and former comrade in the Peninsula of Sir Hew Ross, the Adjutant-General of Artillery, begging him to help me. He called on Sir Hew, who sent for the papers. "How old is the lad?" said Sir Hew. "Only nineteen," said my uncle. "What, only nineteen, and his colonel says he can't be spared! he must be a good lad,—he ought to have a chance on service." And so the very remark which was intended to keep me back was the cause of my being chosen. I was ordered to Woolwich, and spent the last two days

¹ For an account of his and my father's services in the Peninsular War see "A Letter from Salamanca," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' February 1899.

before embarking in playing cricket for the regiment.¹

Then followed a year's campaigning in Central India, and I have often wondered how any of us survived. I was landed on the beach at Madras (there was no pier then) at 7 A.M. in a tunic and busby to superintend the disembarkation of ammunition, and kept there without any food but biscuit till 7 P.M., when we marched ten miles to St Thomas' Mount.

A week or two later we were ordered back to Madras to embark there for Masulipatam, whence we were to march to

¹ 'Bell's Life' of August 23, 1857, shows that I made 27 (top score of either side in the first innings) and 0 runs against I Zingari, and keeping wicket, stumped two and caught three. We played twelve a-side. The captain of the opposing team was the Hon. R. Grimston—the "Bob Grimston" so dear to the cricket memories of old Harrovians, and to whom the author of 'Leaves from the Diary of a Country Cricketer' has devoted a chapter. The bowler who disposed of me was the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, better known to the present generation as the Right Hon. Spencer Ponsonby Fane.

join General Whitlock's column in Bundelkand. At midnight we paraded at St Thomas' Mount in a tremendous storm of wind and rain, and marched through the night to the beach at Madras. No staff officer met us, no surf boats were in readiness. At last a staff officer arrived, and from him we learnt that a message had been despatched the previous evening to the Brigadier at the Mount telling him to put off our march, as the high surf would not permit of our embarking. We afterwards heard that the Brigadier had gone to bed before the message arrived, and his servants did not dare to wake him. Drenched to the skin, our men were put up in the banqueting hall in the park of the Governor's residence at Guindy, while the officers were taken in as guests at the club or elsewhere. Our baggage was on board ship, so we had an uncomfortable time for two or three days.

When, a few days later, we started up country our men had no helmets: they campaigned all through the hot weather in forage-caps with white cap-covers. Needless to say, the sun took its revenge; and in one month, between mid-April and mid-May 1858, my battery lost 20 per cent of its officers and men from solar apoplexy, which at that time the medical officers knew only one method of treating — to place the sufferer at full length upon the floor and pour water upon his head and chest. Alas! what gruesome scenes I have watched in that terrible month at Banda!

On our march up country we passed through the territory of the Nizam, and, on arrival at Hyderabad, were invited to breakfast by Salah Jung, the Prime Minister, whose courage and determined loyalty had kept the people of that city from joining the mutineers. Elephants were sent for us, and on them we rode

through the city, preceded by men calling out that we were the guests of the Nizam, and were not to be molested. There were numbers of fierce-looking men, armed to the teeth, in the streets, and scowling looks and curses were frequent, while from some of the roofs of the low houses men spat at us as we passed; but we were not otherwise interfered with.

On reaching Jubbalpur, I was taken to see the prison for Thugs, where a large number of them were employed in making carpets. It was difficult to believe that every one of the men engaged in this peaceful occupation was a murderer by profession, one of that extraordinary secret society whose members, belonging to all castes and callings, lived as peaceable citizens in their own homes, combining at times in small bands to decoy into their clutches, strangle, rob, and bury travellers, not only rich merchants and traders who

afforded ample booty, but even humble villagers. Some of the prisoners were specially pointed out to me as being known to have committed great numbers of such murders.

On Easter Eve the column of which my battery was a unit started to cross a bad *ghát* (a hill pass). I happened to be on advanced guard that day, and we got over; but the transport behind broke down, the *ghát* became encumbered with dead and dying animals and broken-down waggons. With the advanced guard had come the Chaplain of the Force, and on Easter morning he wished to administer the Sacrament. He had with him a flask of sacramental wine; but there was no bread, only weevily ration biscuits as hard as stones. He asked if any of us had any other biscuits. One officer produced from his holster a few gingerbread nuts, and with fragments of these, "the best and

purest wheat bread that could conveniently be gotten," the chaplain administered the Sacrament; and never, I firmly believe, was it partaken of with greater reverence.

In 1858 I was invalided home. It was the year of a magnificent comet, which afforded a glorious sight each evening as we steamed through the Bay of Bengal. On arrival at Suez we drove in brakes to the rail-head in the desert, for not only was there no Suez Canal, but even the railway to Suez was not yet complete.

Whitlock's column, with which I served, was the fortunate captor of the "Banda and Kirwee" prize-money, which for many subsequent years formed the subject of debate in Parliament, and of a gigantic litigation, in which seventeen firms of solicitors and thirty-seven counsel were engaged. I joined the committee which represented the actual captors. Its secretary and moving spirit was the Rev. Mr Kinloch, who had

been chaplain to Whitlock's force, and of whose legal ability our leading counsel, Sir Roundell Palmer and Sir Hugh Cairns, formed a very high opinion. We claimed the whole amount. Others claimed to share on the doctrine of constructive capture. The case was argued for twenty-six days in the Admiralty Court before Dr Lushington, and we won. The law expenses, which all came out of the fund, were over £60,000; but the amount remaining was sufficient to make every private's share upwards of £70. The first distribution of the fund did not commence till nine and a half years after the capture was effected, and before this many of those entitled had sold their share for a mere trifle.

After my return I had a spell of work as a subaltern of the depot brigade at Woolwich. During this time was made my first contribution to literature, in some verses sent to 'Punch.' In 1859 I re-

ceived a very pleasant invitation to a shoot for the 1st September, my twenty-second birthday, but could not obtain leave, and vented my feelings in the form of a parody on Tennyson's "May Queen," which appeared in the number of September 17, with an illustration that the proprietors of 'Punch' kindly inform me was drawn by Captain H. R. Howard.

In 1860 I was called upon to make a serious decision. The adjutant of the brigade was, like myself, a cricketer, and finding that it was impossible to combine as much of that game as he wanted with his military duties, decided to resign his appointment. The post was offered to me on the condition that I would give up cricket matches, and I accepted it on those conditions, thus electing for work in preference to play. For two years and more I had very hard work in this post, and very little spare time.

In 1862 I was appointed lieutenant of a company of gentlemen cadets at the Royal Military Academy, when cricket, rackets, and billiards again took up much of my spare time; but I found means to read and study my own special branch (artillery), and to learn something of the arts of military administration, of strategy and of tactics, on which subjects there were but few English books available.

In 1864, while holding this post, I was offered and accepted the appointment of Assistant-Instructor in Artillery at the same institution.

Not long afterwards I had a curious experience, and happily a rare one, in that in an English court of justice I saw an innocent man sentenced to death. A relative of mine, who was a Middlesex magistrate, had got an order for us to see the prison of Newgate. After going over the prison and seeing the condemned cells, the

pinioning-room, the scaffold, and the "Birdcage Walk," that narrow passage under whose uneven flags are buried in quicklime the bodies of the executed murderers, below their initials carved on the stone wall, we said that we had only to see a man sentenced to death to complete the dreadful tale. The warder told us he thought we could do so if we went to the adjoining Old Bailey, where the Saffron Hill murder case was being tried. We went there, sent in our cards, and were given seats on the bench. The trial was near its end: we only heard one or two witnesses for the defence, the reply of the counsel for the prosecution, and the summing up of the judge.

The story of the case was shortly this. There had been a row in a public-house between some Italians and some Englishmen. The gas had been turned off, and when it was again lighted an Englishman

was found stabbed to death. The police arrested an Italian named Polioni or Pelizzoni,¹ a workman for the well-known firm of opticians, Negretti & Zambra; and it was his trial at which we were present.

The summing-up of the judge seemed to me eminently impartial, and he left the verdict entirely to the jury. The jury retired, and the prisoner, a small frail man, was taken out of court. During the absence of the jury darkness came on, and a few lights were lighted in the court. Presently, after an interval that seemed endless, the jury returned, and the prisoner was brought back into the dock. I believe there was not a soul in court who did not at that moment pray that the prisoner might be acquitted. But, in answer to the question put to the jury,

¹ He was tried as Polioni, but in his evidence on Gregorio's trial swore that his name was Serafino Pelizzoni.

the foreman's reply was "Guilty." The prisoner turned pale as death, tottered, and fell back into the arms of the two warders at his side. Asked by the judge if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed, he was completely unable to speak. Then Baron Martin put on the black cap and passed sentence of death.

How often has that scene come back to my memory! The dim light, the hush of expectation, the sigh that went through the audience as the jury pronounced the fateful verdict, the aspect of that wretched man, the judge's voice, broken by emotion as he pronounced the awful sentence, which ended with the words, "And may God have mercy on your soul!"

We could not speak. We left the court in silence, and in silence we drove home.

The sequel of the story is interesting. A few days later Signor Negretti received a

letter telling him that Polioni was innocent, and that the Englishman had been killed by another man named Gregorio Mogni, a cousin of the prisoner, who had fled to Birmingham, where he was working. Negretti went to Birmingham, found Gregorio, and told him what had happened. Gregorio said that he could not allow Polioni to be hanged for the crime he had committed, and returning with Signor Negretti to London, gave himself up. Polioni was respited, and Gregorio was placed on his trial. The Grand Jury, doubtless feeling that they could not help to hang a man who had given himself up to save his comrade's life, found a true bill, not for murder, but for manslaughter. He was convicted, but recommended to mercy by the jury, and was sentenced to a term of penal servitude. Then Polioni received a free pardon for a crime which he had never committed. A subscription was

raised to send him back to Italy, where he was at once arrested for having evaded the conscription, but petitions were presented to the Italian Government, and he was soon released.

In my new appointment I had a good deal of time at my own disposal, as the hours of teaching were limited; there were at least two days in each week free from the duties of the class-room, and there were vacations at Easter, in summer, and at Christmas. This time I was anxious to employ more profitably than in mere amusement, and Colonel (afterwards General) Lefroy, Director of the Advanced Class for Artillery Officers at Woolwich, suggested to me to make a study of the early history of our arm, and write some papers for the Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution. It soon became evident that if I was to write anything original my researches must be carried

beyond such material as could be found in any of the military libraries of Woolwich and London.

The first author with whom these studies brought me into contact was Mr John Hewitt, the author of 'Ancient Armour and Weapons in Europe,' an interesting personality. Tall and gaunt, dressed in black and wearing a high black stock, he seemed a relic of a past age. He was a bachelor, and lived in lodgings at Woolwich surrounded by books almost entirely bearing upon the one subject of interest to him. For years he had been employed in the Tower of London, and had compiled the official catalogue of the Tower Armouries. He helped me with many references to MSS. and printed works bearing on my subject, and gave me much useful aid and counsel, especially impressing upon me that no one engaged in antiquarian research should ever accept a

quotation or a statement at second-hand, if it were possible to refer to the original authority.

My next step was to obtain a reading ticket for the British Museum, where for many months all my spare time was spent in the Reading-room studying mediæval chronicles, or in the Manuscript Department verifying references, and later making drawings from illuminated fifteenth century MSS. And here may be given one example of the importance of Mr Hewitt's doctrine of verification. Searching for information as to the use of cannon in the fourteenth century, I found a statement in Sharon Turner's 'History of England during the Middle Ages' that an account of the expenditure of the Ordnance Office in the Tower during the reign of Edward III. showed "a maker of gun stones and two gun founders." Turner gave as his authority 'Bree's Cursory

Sketch.' This latter gave as its authority Harleian MSS. 5166. Procuring this manuscript, I found at once it was not fourteenth century writing. The Museum authorities pronounced it to be of the seventeenth century, and the details to be not of the household of Edward III., but of that of Queen Elizabeth.

The keeper of the MSS., Mr Bond, to whom I had obtained a letter of recommendation, introduced me to Mr (now Sir Richard) Holmes, then an assistant in the MSS. Department. His help, which was freely and cordially given, was invaluable to me, as he knew the mediæval MSS. so well that he spared me unnecessary search, and found for me at once those which would be of use to me. A friendship sprung up between us which, though we have not seen each other for many years, still, I hope, exists on his part, as it does on mine.

Holmes, while at the Museum, occupied some of his spare time in designing stained-glass windows. In 1868 he accompanied Lord Napier to Abyssinia as archæologist to the expedition, and sent me a copy of an etching of the head of King Theodore taken after death. In 1870 he became Her Majesty's Librarian at Windsor Castle, where he found himself in thoroughly congenial surroundings.

Another assistant in the MSS. Department was a Mr Ward. Wanting to verify a reference to a manuscript in Swedish, I applied to Holmes, who introduced me to Ward. When the latter had kindly translated the passage to me, I asked him how he came to learn Swedish. He said: "Oh! I learnt Swedish and Norwegian and Danish in order to learn Icelandic."

In the Museum I also made the acquaintance of that great artist, Mr Burne-Jones, who was drawing in the MSS. Department.

He was in those days a very picturesque figure.

I cannot too strongly express my sense of the kindness shown to me by the Museum officials. The MSS. Department was a delightfully quiet retreat; and every possible facility was given to me, with the result that before ceasing work there, I had not only a copious sheaf of notes, but a goodly collection of drawings of bombards from fifteenth century manuscripts.

I paid a few visits to the Public Records Office, where Mr Joseph Burtt very kindly took me in hand. But search made in fourteenth century records, with the help of an expert, failed to produce any information of value. This was also the case with the Bodleian Library, my visit to which during my summer vacation in 1865 only resulted in a delightful summer holiday and an amusing incident. Great kindness was shown me by Dr Jelf, the Dean of Christ Church,

and Mr Sydney Owen, Reader in Indian Law and History in the University, whose brother, Colonel C. H. Owen, was then Professor of Artillery, and my immediate chief at Woolwich. One cannot imagine a more pleasant place for a quiet summer holiday than Oxford then was in the long vacation. The river, almost free from boats, and in those days there were neither steam nor electric launches, was deliciously peaceful. Still more peaceful the college gardens, in their summer glory.

To return to the Bodleian. I had an introduction from Mr Bond, of the British Museum, to Mr Coxe, the keeper of the Bodleian. This I duly presented. Mr Coxe said, "The man to help you is Payne-Smith." He introduced me to Dr Payne-Smith (afterwards Regius Professor of Divinity), saying that I wanted to see any drawings of a cannon which they might have in fourteenth or fifteenth century MSS.

Dr Payne-Smith turned to me and asked :
“What is it you want to ascertain? Is it
any point connected with the dress?” The
ecclesiastical mind had leapt to the human
Canon of the Church.

In 1865 I produced a first, and in the
following year a second, paper on “Ancient
Cannon in Europe.” In these two papers
I gave the result of my researches down
to the year 1400 A.D., and ended the second
paper by saying that thus far we had to
trust to verbal description alone, but that
in the next paper we should enter on a
period when we should have the varieties
of form and material portrayed by the
artists of the fifteenth century. Alas! I
entrusted my precious sketches to a gentle-
man who undertook to draw them on wood
with a view to their being engraved. A
fire took place at his rooms, and the
whole outcome of my long labours was
destroyed. I had neither time nor heart

to commence over again, and I abandoned the subject.

It was perhaps as well for me that it was so, for nothing is more fascinating than antiquarian research, and it is all-absorbing. I had thrown myself into the work, had become a member of the Royal Archæological Institute, and joined its Council. I had become a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and before that learned body had read a paper maintaining that the *teleria* so constantly mentioned in fourteenth century registers and inventories in connection with cannon were the beds or supports in which the guns were placed, and not, as had been previously held, handles or trails for the carriages. Under other circumstances, I should probably have spent all my energies in the details of archæology; but the crushing blow of the loss of my drawings became my salvation. At the same time, I have never

regretted the time thus spent, for it taught me the importance of getting to the root of any subject of study and the value of precision and accuracy.

I owe to this connection with the Archæological Institute one of my most pleasant memories,—a fine summer week spent in visiting the chief objects of archæological interest in London, under the guidance of the best authorities. Among other places we visited the Tower of London, where in the chapel Mr G. T. Clark, the greatest authority on mediæval castles, read us a paper on the history and architecture of the Tower; and Westminster Abbey, where in the chapter-house Sir Gilbert Scott read us a paper on the architecture, and Dean Stanley a paper on the history of the Abbey.

Years afterwards, on the invitation of a friend, I visited Westminster Abbey with a party from a working-man's club in Soho,

when we were shown round by Canon Farrar. After the Canon had talked to us about Major André, whose monument is in the south aisle, a little tailor, who was one of the party, whispered to me, "The worthy Dean is very interesting, but not very correct in his 'istory." Later we had tea in the hall of Westminster School, and my friend said a few nice words of thanks to Canon Farrar. Up jumped the little tailor and said, "I 'ad 'oped to have 'ad the pleasure of proposing the 'ealth of the worthy Dean myself; in fact, when Colonel —— began I felt quite nonchalant!"

While I was engaged on these archæological papers, which brought no grist to the mill, I was asked by Colonel Lefroy if I should care to contribute the military articles to a new edition of Brande's 'Dictionary of Literature, Science, and Art,' about to be published by Messrs

Longmans, Green, & Co. I undertook this work, and thus made the acquaintance of the Rev. George W. Cox, the editor of the Dictionary, and of Mr William Longman, the publisher. Mr Cox, who had retired from the cure of souls, and kept a preparatory school for Sandhurst at Farnborough, was a profound scholar, and author of a well-known book on Aryan mythology and several important historical works. He was a kindly and sympathetic editor. An ex-scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, he was strongly opposed to the Rev. Charles Kingsley's appointment to the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge University, as Mr Kingsley well knew. One day I was visiting Mr Cox at Farnborough, and told him I was going the next day to visit Mr Kingsley. He said that Kingsley was a charming personality, and the author of some clever novels, but that his appointment to be Pro-

fessor of Modern History was an iniquity. On the following day I told Kingsley I had been visiting Mr Cox. All he said was, "Cox is a scholar and a gentleman."

My introduction to Mr William Longman led, indirectly, to my undertaking more literary work. He was at this time engaged in writing 'The History of the Life and Times of Edward III.,' a period to which my archæological studies had been largely directed, and this gave him an interest in me. He introduced me to Mr Walford, the editor of 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' who in December 1866 published an illustrated article of mine on "Warfare in the Middle Ages," and he asked me to meet at dinner, at his house in Hyde Park Square, Mr Reeve, the editor of 'The Edinburgh Review,' with a view to my contributing an article to that famous periodical; but Reeve utterly declined to take any interest in my archæ-

ological studies, and asked what on earth was the use of them,—a question which I could not answer.

At Mr Longman's request I edited a treatise on 'Drill and Manœuvres of Cavalry combined with Horse Artillery,' by Major-General Michael W. Smith, who was commanding a division in India. It was a wonderful book, full of elaborate mathematical calculations as to pace and formations, some of which were worked out like problems in Euclid, while in others there were trigonometrical formulæ two full printed lines in length. It was published in 1865, little more than ten years after the cavalry charge at Balaklava, in which certainly neither algebra nor trigonometry had played any part; nor, indeed, does it appear that they have consciously been applied by any commander in any subsequent cavalry action. But the main principles were sound, and have since been

adopted—greater simplicity and less complication in drill, the abolition of the law of pivots, and the removal of the rear rank to such a distance that it could neither impede the action nor become involved in the disorder of the front rank.

Mr Longman also introduced me to Mr J. A. Froude, editor of 'Fraser's Magazine.' My first article in that magazine appeared in July 1866, a review of an American work on the Operations against Charleston. From a perusal of that article I arrive at the conclusion that we have without doubt become more humane in our methods of war in the last forty-five years. From a correspondence between himself and General Beauregard, published by General Gillmore, the author of the work in question, it is clearly established that, in a letter written from his headquarters, five and a half miles distant from Charleston, General Gillmore only gave four hours'

notice of his intention to bombard the city, and that he opened fire upon it at half-past one in the night. General Gillmore says that "no military results of great value were expected from this firing. As an experience with heavy guns . . . the results were not only highly interesting and novel, but very instructive." It is doubtful if a more cynical paragraph was ever penned; and it is difficult not to agree with General Beauregard that the bombardment was "an act of inexcusable barbarity."

In December 1866 I published in 'Fraser's Magazine' the first of a series of five articles on Military Reform, the last of which appeared in August 1867. Looking over these articles by the light of forty years' subsequent experience, it is a pleasant surprise to find how few opinions expressed in them I have seen any occasion to alter, and how many of the reforms advocated have since been introduced. Of

only one of these will I now speak. I pointed out more than forty years ago the necessity of unity of military administration, and the injury inflicted on the public service by the dual administration of the Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief, and said: "It remains only to go forward in the direction in which we have advanced, but where by halting half-way we have spoilt all. When we have the whole control of the army vested in one responsible minister, then, if Parliament does its duty, the army will be properly governed." I advocated the appointment of a Chief of the Staff. Twenty-one years later, before Lord Randolph Churchill's Select Committee on the Army Estimates, and again when Lord Salisbury's Government appointed me a member of Lord Hartington's Royal Commission on Naval and Military administration, I still advocated the same reform. The Royal Com-

mission made a recommendation to this effect in their report, which was published in 1889. But it was not till fifteen years later (1904), when I was within a few days of my retirement from the active list, that, on the report of Lord Esher's Committee, the report of Lord Hartington's Commission was given effect to by the abolition of the office of Commander-in-Chief and the appointment of a Chief of the General Staff.¹

On October 15, 1866, when he had seen the MS. of my first paper, Mr Froude wrote to me—

Your article is good and strong, and promises even better behind it. I do not wish in any way to interfere with you. You can develop your subject best in your own way, and I have only to ask you how much space

¹ In the course of my remarks in 'Fraser's Magazine' on the absurdity of the double government, I quoted the following order of April 1867: "The Secretary of State for War, with the concurrence of his Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief, has directed that the pockets of the overalls and trousers be placed at the corners of the seam at the top instead of at the side."

you are likely to ask. I cannot begin with you till December. If, therefore, you like to go on and enlarge your present article to double its size you can do so.

On November 27 he wrote—

Let me press upon you in the matter of style—condensation. The sailor's rule for grog—three-fourths spirit and all the water you add spoils it—applies pre-eminently to writing on practical questions.

Again, on January 3, 1867—

May I suggest that you should try a little more condensation. In writing, as in speaking, the fewer the words in which a thought is expressed the deeper it penetrates. You are apt to hover about your point before you settle upon it. You will gain in force if you can manage to go direct towards it. Nor would I be afraid of plain speaking.

On January 22, before he had seen my second paper, he wrote—

Your articles will be effective exactly as you can make them shorter and more vicious.

On March 14, after the appearance of the second article, he wrote—

You will have seen from the tone of the debate, and from the languor of public interest on a question of

moment so intense, that the lash must be laid on with the double thong if it is to receive the slightest attention.

On March 25 he wrote saying that he was on the point of leaving England for four or five months, and that the Magazine would be managed for him in his absence by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. This was when he was going to Ireland to complete his famous work, 'The English in Ireland.' He said that he would speak to Mr Kingsley about my papers, and if Mr Kingsley wished to have all the space at his own disposal for other purposes, he would propose that I should finish the series at leisure after his return at the end of summer. The letter ended thus—

I fear no good is to be looked for this session, and I am disheartened about the results to be expected from Reform. The present "situation," I fear, will end in an arrangement between the leaders of parties which will leave things substantially just as they are. Idleness, ignorance, routine, and the convenience of the great families will continue absolute till the Devil comes

in the shape of a sharp war—and then woe betide them and us.

I have always been grateful to Mr Froude for his criticism. I saw him from time to time in his study at 5 Onslow Gardens, where he was always courteous and interesting; but I never got within his outer shell of reserve, and his letters to me never had a warmer ending than the official "Yours faithfully." Eight years afterwards, in 1875, we met in Natal, where he had come as an emissary from Lord Carnarvon, to endeavour to promote South African Confederation. There my friend Colonel (now General Sir William) Butler got more into his confidence and intimacy in a day than I had done in six months, and in the woes of Ireland they had a subject of deep common interest to both.

Early in April I heard from Charles Kingsley, bidding me go on with the papers on Military Reform, and saying

he was much pleased with the last. He wished me to take up the question of reform of the Military College at Sandhurst, in which he was much interested, and on which he wrote to me at some length. In a letter of July 12 he wrote—

You will do very little good, I warn you, because beside the Military party which will wish to keep things as they are, the whole of the dissenting Radical party will be opposed to any real reform of the army. They are glad enough to revile its faults, but would be sorry to see them amended, lest it should become strong and popular. Moreover, you will not mend Sandhurst till you mend the education given at schools. Sandhurst lads' time is taken up there in learning what they ought to have learnt at school. What Sandhurst wants is discipline and public spirit. The former can be got. The latter not till a great war, which will make the officer again necessary and valuable in the eyes of the people.

By this time a friendship had been established between us, and this last letter ended with the friendly "Yours ever," which from a big editor does so much more to get the best out of a con-

tributor than the cold "Yours faithfully" of Froude. I visited him at Eversley, and have a most happy recollection of a blazing hot July or August afternoon, when we lay together on the dry crisp moss on the moor and talked of all things in heaven and earth. I was young—not quite thirty—full of energy and desire to reform the world, and of despair at the dead weight of apathy and official obstruction, and got up from our talk a happier man. Throughout all Kingsley's conversation there ran a cheerful vein of optimism, the optimism of the man who wrote "Blow, blow, thou strong North-easter." And he infected me with his belief that "it will all come right in the end." As we walked home we met, leaning on a gate, a disreputable-looking old man. Kingsley talked kindly to him, and gave him a shilling. Then he told me the man was a poacher and ne'er-do-weel, but he said,

“It will all come right in the end for him too.”

This was just before he started for the West Indies, the visit that had been his dream for years, and which he was “at last” to enjoy, and commemorate in the book of that name. He was like a boy anticipating a delightful holiday.

In 1870, when I was working for the Red Cross during the Franco-German War, he wrote to me introducing some ladies who were on their way out to work for our society, and spoke of “you noble fellows of the Red Cross, whom I wish I were among, but it cannot be.” After his death Mrs Kingsley wrote asking me if I would send her any letters of his in my possession, for publication. She said—

My memory takes me back to a day on our mount at Eversley with you and him and a long and earnest conversation about the army and other things. I want to represent by his *own words* every phase of his mind. He loved your profession deeply, but owing to so many

of his correspondents being unknown to us, or if they were known, by the very circumstances of their life obliged to move about from place to place, and probably, therefore, not preserving any letters, I have very few letters to officers, the very people he most loved to work for and associate with. He has fought his fight and earned his rest, though rest *there* implies probably nobler and greater work.

With the series of articles on Army Reform my connection with 'Fraser's Magazine' ended. I went to Paris for the French Exhibition in the summer of 1867, and visited a good many theatres. On my return I sent Mr Froude a paper on the French Stage, about which there was at that time much correspondence in the English papers to the effect that the chief attraction of the French theatres was the indelicacy of the plays acted there. The object of my paper was to contradict this theory, and to show that it was the strength of the plot, the wit of the dialogue, and the quality of the acting that attracted French audiences, and that a

play which depended only on its indelicacy would never succeed. To prove this I had sketched lightly the plot of one such play, which was a failure, contrasting it with other plays free from indelicacy, which were highly successful. Mr Froude sent me back the paper, writing, "I have read your paper on the French theatres, and I am sorry to say I cannot accept it. If such plays ought not to be acted, they ought not to be written about. The objection to one is an objection to the other, and the same in kind if less in degree." I felt snubbed, and I wrote to Mr Froude no more. The paper in a different form was subsequently published elsewhere, but this will be told later on.

In the autumn of 1867, Mr Anthony Trollope started 'St Paul's Magazine,' and I offered him a paper on "The Military Armaments of the Five Great Powers,"

which appeared in one of his earliest numbers, followed shortly afterwards by a paper on "Parliament and Army Reform," and other articles. There is not much of interest in the few letters from Mr Trollope which I possess. In one of them he writes, "Do not be too severe on Governments. Having known something of Government work for very many years, my conviction is that as a rule our public men do their work as well as their very peculiar circumstances in subjection to a representative Government allow them to do. I do not think our public men are niggards, or are disposed to be mean by disposition."

At the end of February or beginning of March 1868 I paid him a week-end visit at Waltham Cross. Mrs Trollope, whose beautiful feet made a great impression on me, was there, and the only other guest was Mr John Blackwood, the publisher

and editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' with whom in after years I formed a very pleasant friendship. I am not sure whether Mr Trollope was at that time still in the service of the Post Office, but I remember his telling me that he had decided not to leave the public service till he had made from his writing and invested sufficient capital to give him an income equal to what he would lose by retiring from the public service. He was a great smoker. One wall of his library where he worked was entirely hidden by small cupboards or bins, each with a separate glass door, and filled with cigars, stacked across each other "headers and stretchers" like timber, so as to allow free circulation of air. On wet days the doors were all kept closed, in dry weather they were open. He told me that each year he got a large consignment of cigars from Havana. There was a pointed stud stuck

into the wood above the door of the bin in use, and as soon as this bin was empty the stud was moved to the next bin, and the empty one was filled from the chest. This had gone on for years, the cigars longest in stock being always those smoked.

He had a long thick beard, which it was difficult to keep one's eyes off, as it had a singular attraction for fragments of cigar-ash.

He told me that he began to write at five o'clock every morning, and wrote a certain number of hours till it was time to dress, never touching his literary work after breakfast. I remember telling him that I always worked at night, and his saying, "Well, I give the freshest hours of the day to my work; you give the fag end of the day to yours." I have often thought over this, but my experience has always been that the early morning is the

best time for study and taking in ideas, night the best time for giving out thoughts.

I said that I envied him the gift of imagination, which enabled him to create characters. He said, "Imagination! my dear fellow, not a bit of it; it is cobbler's wax." Seeing that I was rather puzzled, he said that the secret of success was to put a lump of cobbler's wax on your chair, sit on it and stick to it till you had succeeded. He told me he had written for years before he got paid.

My paper on Parliament and Army Reform in 'St Paul's Magazine' brought me into touch with Sir Charles Trevelyan and his son, now the Right Hon. Sir G. O. Trevelyan. The latter wrote to Trollope that he and his father were so much interested in the paper that he took the liberty of asking the name of the writer. The letter lies before me, endorsed "Is there any objection to 'giving you up' to

Competition wallah and father? Anthony Trollope.”

I had taken up a very strong line in favour of the abolition of purchase in the army, for which Mr Trevelyan had moved a resolution in the House of Commons that had been defeated in May 1868, and I was very glad to make the acquaintance of the two men who were doing more than any other to bring about that most important reform, the father by his writings, the son by his determined attitude in Parliament. Sir Charles was also advocating a number of other reforms with which I was in sympathy. He urged promotion in the higher ranks by selection instead of by seniority tempered by rejection for want of money,—a reform that was impossible while the purchase system endured. He pressed for the employment of time-expired soldiers in civil situations. In one of his letters to me he says, “I have long been

of opinion that this ought to be done, but it is only lately, since I have applied my mind more closely to the point, that I have perceived what a power there is in it. It is a highly just idea, and is likely to be extremely popular and to exercise a great influence over the whole question of army reform." He was also greatly interested in the improvement of the education of officers, a subject that occupied much of my attention.

When Mr Cardwell brought in his bill for abolition of purchase in 1871, it was opposed in Parliament by two of my greatest friends, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and Colonel the Hon. Augustus Anson, men who were in sympathy with me on almost every other military question. Loyd-Lindsay lived to recognise the value of the measure, which, as Lady Wantage says in her Memoir, cleared the ground for those further measures of reform which

marked Mr Cardwell's tenure of office, and inaugurated a new era in our army organisation. I do not know whether Anson ever changed his views on this question, but our friendship continued a close one till his death.

I don't remember exactly how long I wrote for 'St Paul's Magazine,' but I find letters up to November 1869, the last asking me for a paper on Military Education for the number of February 1870.

CHAPTER II.

Introduction to 'The Standard'—The House of Commons—John Bright—An unwitting trespass—The Paris Exhibition—A review at Longchamp—Appointed Professor of Military History—Tour in the Cockpit of Europe—Sir Edward FitzGerald Law—Tour in Western Germany—Life Insurance reform—'The Athenæum'—A new curve—Professor Sylvester—Mr Hepworth Dixon—Dr Doran—The last Campaign of Hanover—Mr John Murray and Colonel Henderson on Military literature—Outbreak of war between France and Germany—Paris in July 1870—Arrive at Strasburg—Experiences there—The march of a French Division—Suspected of being a spy—From Haguenau to Metz—Luxemburg during the War—Azamat Batuk—Diary of the War—Severance of connection with 'The Standard'—Tom Hamber—Our Club—Mr S. C. Hall—Douglas Home the Medium.

IN 1867 I formed a connection with the daily press which for more than three years absorbed the greater part of my spare time. And here it had better at

once be stated that at this time officers who wrote for the papers were not viewed favourably at the Headquarters of the Army. But I had ideas and opinions for which I was determined to obtain a hearing. Moreover, I was a very poor man, and anxious to rise in my profession. Without money I could not buy books, or travel to widen my sphere of interests and activities. Nor, indeed, could I be sure of finding the means to take advantage of opportunities which might arise, and might help me to get my foot on the first step of the ladder. And so I resolved to run the risk of incurring a certain amount of odium at Headquarters. My brother, Captain (afterwards Major-General) Charles Brackenbury, had acted as a military correspondent of 'The Times' in the war of 1866. At the battle of Koeniggrätz he had ridden with Benedek into the thick of the fire at Chlum. He had gone on to Italy, and described the naval battle of

Lissa and the handing over of Venetia. He had become a personage of some importance, and I was fired with emulation. 'The Times,' of course, was barred to me; but if I could not be in the first flight, I would at least try for the second. So I gladly accepted an offer of an introduction to the editor of 'The Standard,' Captain Thomas Hamber. I called on him in his scrubby little office in Shoe Lane, and found him and Mr Evans, the manager, sitting at opposite sides of a table. Yes, he had room for a writer on military subjects, and he would give me a trial. There were leaders to be written, and headed articles, long or short according to the importance of the subject, on matters of public interest. What was my view as to corporal punishment in the Army? I was opposed to it, except on active service in the field. Well, there would be a debate that Friday night on Mr Otway's motion for its abolition. I had better read the debate on Saturday

morning, and send up a leader the same day, in time to appear in Monday's paper. I carried out my instructions, and to my delight my first leading article appeared in 'The Standard' of Monday, March 18, 1867, and a second article on the same subject in 'The Morning Herald' of March 30; for at this time 'The Standard,' 'The Evening Standard,' and 'The Morning Herald' all belonged to the same proprietor, and were under the same editor and manager.

This was the beginning of a long spell of hard, but highly interesting and to me valuable work. It was clear that if my newspaper was to be well informed, I must keep myself abreast of all military matters of interest both at home and abroad. This involved a prodigious amount of reading. I read and reviewed all the chief military books, obtained all the Parliamentary papers on military subjects, and before long became a frequent attendant

at the military debates in the House of Commons. In those days this was a much less difficult matter than it would be now. I never sat in the Strangers' Gallery, or in the Press Gallery, as I had a number of friends who were Members of Parliament, and a relative a clerk in the House of Commons; and all that was necessary was to walk to the Lobby, open in those days to the public, and wait outside the doors of the House till one of my friends appeared, or to send in a card, when I never failed to get a seat, through the kindness of the Speaker, either under the Gallery or in the Speaker's Gallery. I was introduced to that interesting personality Captain Gosset, the Serjeant-at-Arms, who sometimes invited me to his room, and always showed me great kindness. I occasionally came in for interesting debates on other than military subjects, and there was not one of the best debaters of those days whom I have not frequently heard.

One incident made a special impression upon me. I was sitting under the Gallery during the discussion of the Mutiny Act, when John Bright came and sat immediately underneath and talked to a friend of his who was seated next to me. It was either in 1867 or 1868, when the wars of 1866 between Austria and Prussia and Austria and Italy were fresh in all our memories, and our own army was at a low ebb. "What do you think I have just discovered in the preamble to the Mutiny Act?" said John Bright to my neighbour—"that our army is maintained for the preservation of the balance of power in Europe! Was there ever anything so comic?" That year the historic preamble passed without question. Next year it appeared minus the "comic" expression.

The recent invasion of the House by a suffragette has reminded me of another incident of that time. I was sitting under the Gallery on the Government side, when

the House was cleared for a division. With the other strangers I was turned out into the lobby, where I met a friend who was a member, and entered into conversation with him. When the division was over, I followed him through the first door leading into the House, and instead of turning up the staircase leading to the two rows of seats under the Gallery, which were then available for strangers, passed on unchallenged through the second door, and turned up the steps, sitting down in a seat immediately below the two rows, a seat consecrated to members only and within the sacred precincts. I had not been there many minutes when a door-keeper came and whispered to me "Are you a member?" "No." "Then follow me out quietly." I did so, and once beyond the door, he said, "Thank goodness nobody else noticed you, or I don't know what would have happened." What

would have happened? Should I have been sent to the Clock Tower?

And this reminds me of how when a boy, staying with my brother, then a subaltern of Horse Artillery at Woolwich, I was riding one of his horses and, turning in at the Blackheath gates of Greenwich Park, had a pleasant canter on the turf under the trees. When I reached the gates on my return two park-keepers barred my way, and asked what I meant by riding in the Park. I was innocent of having done anything wrong, and said so. They told me no one might ride in the Park except the Ranger or the Royal Family, and talked of arresting me. I asked whether they would not get into trouble for having allowed me to enter, and they saw the force of the argument. Was the same thought in the mind of the House of Commons door-keeper when he treated me so gently?

After the session of 1867, during my

summer vacation, I went to Paris for 'The Standard,' and wrote a series of articles on the munitions of war in the great Exhibition which was held that year on the Champ de Mars. To the outward eye the Empire was now at the zenith of its grandeur, every sovereign of Europe being either present in person, or represented by the heir to the throne. The Czar (Alexander II.) with his sons, and the King of Prussia (William, afterwards Emperor of Germany) with his son (subsequently the Emperor Frederick), Bismarck, and von Moltke, were all present at a review held at Longchamp on June 6, after which, on their return, an attempt was made to assassinate the Czar. Of this review I possess a remarkable souvenir. It is a half sheet of gilt-edged notepaper bearing the Imperial crown and letter N, on one side of which is written in the Emperor's handwriting—

REVUE PR. L'EMPEREUR DE RUSSIE.

Troupes.

	Regiments.	
3 divisions d'infanterie de la ligne	12	
bataillons de Chasseurs		3
2 divns. d'inf. de la garde . . .	8	
bat. de chass ^s		1
	<hr/>	
	20	4 bat.
Total, 64 bataillons.		
regiments de cavalerie de la ligne	6	
de la garde	6	
	<hr/>	
		12 ou 48 escadrons.
batteries	12 de la ligne.	
	8 de la garde.	
	<hr/>	
		20 bat.

On the other side of the page is a rough sketch by the Emperor of the review ground, showing the *moulin* and the *tribune*, and the positions in which the cavalry, artillery, and infantry were to be drawn up.

This was given by the Emperor on May 20 to the Marshal who was to command the troops at the review, and some years later was by him given to

me. I was not in Paris when this review was held, but was present at one given in September for the Sultan, Abdul Aziz, when almost the same troops were present.

How little I thought at that time how soon the Empire was to fall, and yet how strangely prophetic were the concluding words of my last article for 'The Standard.'

In my last visit to the Exhibition I passed, a few moments before leaving, that sad and solemn statue of the last moments of the great Napoleon, and I thought what an awful lesson was to be learnt there of the hollowness and vanity of the hopes of him who seeks his only happiness in the glory that awaits a great conqueror.

In the early summer of 1868 a great piece of good fortune befell me. In the previous winter it had been decided to introduce the teaching of Military History into the course of studies at Woolwich. A lectureship to the senior class of cadets had been created, and was held by a distinguished brother officer of mine who

had won his Victoria Cross in the Crimea. Unfortunately for him his programme was too ambitious. Half the term was over and he had only reached the early Roman period. The Council of Military Education, of which General Napier was President, and Colonel (afterwards Sir) Edward Bruce Hamley a member, came down to hear him lecture. The following day he wrote to me and told me he was going to resign his lectureship, as the Council insisted on his abandoning his extensive programme, and devoting the remainder of the term to lecturing upon some campaign of a date not earlier than Frederick the Great. He advised me to apply to succeed him. It was an opportunity not to be lost. I had felt my feet as a lecturer, having given a lecture on mediæval armour and weapons to a full house in the theatre of the Royal Artillery Institution, and there was one

campaign which had been studied so closely by me that I was prepared to lecture upon it at once. So I obtained a certificate as to my capability as a lecturer, appended a copy of my article on "War" in Brande's Dictionary, and sent in my application, offering to begin a course of lectures on the Campaign of Waterloo in the following week. The Governor of the Royal Military Academy supported my application, and the stars in their courses favoured me. It was not easy to find another man on the spot ready to take up the work at five days' notice, and the appointment was given to me. The Council attended one of my lectures; the temporary lectureship was converted into a professorship, and the commencement of the following term found me Professor of Military History, with one lecture a-week to deliver to each of the two senior classes of cadets.

When closing my course at the end of

the first term I mentioned that, with a view to lecturing on the Waterloo Campaign to a new class in the following term, I intended, during the coming vacation, to visit the theatre of the war and study the operations of the armies afresh on the ground. Not long afterwards a note came to me from a cadet, Edward FitzGerald Law, about to receive his commission in the Royal Artillery, asking whether it would be possible for him to be allowed to accompany me on my proposed tour. The offer was gladly accepted, and together we went by rail to Charleroi, and thence walked over the whole theatre of the campaign.

Thus began a friendship, lasting for forty years, and only terminated by his death, while the proofs of this chapter were lying on my table, on 2nd November 1908. His subsequent career was so remarkable, and its earlier stages are known

to so few, that it may fitly be sketched in these Memories.

He left the army at an early period of his career, because he considered himself bound, for the sake of others, to earn a larger income than the army could offer. He determined to strike out a line for himself, and started business as agent for the sale of agricultural machinery in Russia. In this, after many hardships and difficulties, he prospered up to the point when he was robbed by a partner, against whom he brought an action, which, with characteristic determination, he pressed through the courts in Russia till he won it; but the costs were ruinous, and his business was wrecked. Then he became travelling agent for a London firm, in whose service he travelled over the whole of Russia, from Finland to the Caspian. This appointment, against the wish of the firm, he insisted on resigning because he was satis-

fied that they could get the work done for a lower salary than he could afford to take. Then, after a spell of service in the Sudan as an officer (he had kept his name on the Reserve of Officers' List), he came home, and became manager of the Globe Telephone Company, when it was fighting the United Telephone Company tooth and nail. Convinced that the best policy for the shareholders of the Globe was to merge itself in the United, he advocated their doing so, and pushed the amalgamation through, although he thus abolished his own post.

At this time, when he was for the moment without occupation, having ascertained that he would be willing to accept employment under Government, I spoke about him to Sir Philip Currie, Permanent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with whom, as Head of the Military Intelligence Department, I was in confidential relations.

I mentioned Law's linguistic and literary attainments—he spoke French, German, and Russian fluently, he had acted as interpreter to the Embassy at St Petersburg, and had written a brilliant article in 'The Quarterly Review' on "The Races of Russia"—and I spoke of his great knowledge of Russia and Russian commerce. Currie saw him, Lord Salisbury saw him, and the post was created for him of commercial attaché for Russia and the East, including the Ottoman Empire and Persia. Sir Robert Morier, then Ambassador at St Petersburg, did not like the appointment, and came to see me about it. I told him he would change his mind when he knew Law better; and it was not very long before he wrote asking me to do all I could with the Foreign Office to prevent their sending Law to Constantinople, as he did not know how he should get on without him. It was here

that Law first displayed that great financial ability which led the Government to employ him in so many financial negotiations—the commercial treaty with Turkey, the commercial convention with Bulgaria, the International Financial Commission at Athens — and to his subsequent appointments as British delegate on the Council of the Ottoman Public Debt, and later financial member of the Viceroy's Council in India, where he established a gold-standard reserve, — services which were rewarded with the Knight Commandership of the orders of St Michael and St George and of the Star of India.

He returned from India as poor a man as he was when he first entered the Foreign Office service eighteen years previously, for, true to his great sense of honour and of duty, he had given his whole mind and energies to the interests confided to his care, and had never thought about making

money for himself. And the country he had served so well refused to give him any pension.

An obituary notice in 'The Times' of November 4, 1908, did justice to his great qualities of head and heart. He was buried at Athens, with the honours due to a Grand Commander of the Order of the Saviour, and I doubt not that Greece, his last resting-place, will long cherish his memory.

During our tour in Belgium, I wrote several articles for 'The Standard,' "A Tour in the Cockpit of Europe," "The Kermesse in Belgium," &c. ; and in the following year having represented how valuable it would be if the Professor of Military History could visit every summer the theatre of the campaign upon which he intended next to lecture, obtained a Government grant of ten shillings a-day for such days as might be actually passed in travelling, in aid of my expenses.

In 1869 I visited the theatre of Falckenstein's campaign of 1866 in Western Germany, during my tour writing many headed articles for 'The Standard,' and lecturing upon the campaign in the following autumn.

In the same year I began writing leading articles upon life insurance. I had become a director of an old life insurance company, had got behind the scenes, and had made a study of the subject. There were at that time certain insurance offices which were notoriously unsound, and I was convinced of the necessity for, and strongly advocated the introduction of, an Act of Parliament which would compel all life insurance offices to publish their accounts yearly. Such an Act, promoted by Mr Cave in 1869, came into force in 1870, and has done much to place life insurance in this country on a sound footing. The only scrape into which I ever got 'The Standard' was in connec-

tion with this subject. An office which considered itself libelled by one of my articles threatened an action, and the editor duly apologised. The office in question collapsed shortly afterwards.

In 1868 I began writing for 'The Athenæum,' under the editorship of Mr W. Hepworth Dixon, the well-known author of 'New America,' 'Spiritual Wives,' 'Her Majesty's Tower,' and other books. I do not remember how my connection with this paper came about, but I find a letter from Hepworth Dixon of June 25, 1868, telling me the latest days for sending in articles and paragraphs, and saying, "the limit of length is the limit of interest. When you can make a bright and pleasant paper, then take space."

I reviewed many books for, and contributed paragraphs on matters of military scientific interest to this paper. The story of one of these paragraphs is curious.

At that time the Moncrieff carriage for heavy guns was much in evidence. Colonel Moncrieff had invented a most ingenious arrangement, by which a gun mounted on its carriage, when fired, was, by the force of the recoil, made to disappear below the parapet, out of the enemy's sight. In this position it was loaded, and when the operation of loading was complete the gun, by the release of a counter-weight, rose again into position for firing. Colonel Moncrieff, whom I knew well, was a great friend of the Rev. James White, one of the instructors in mathematics at the Royal Military Academy. The latter discovered that the form of the curved rack in the Moncrieff carriage was, if not a new curve hitherto unknown to mathematicians, at least a curve whose properties and applications had been hitherto overlooked. He showed me the calculations and the equation for the curve. I suggested christening it

“the Moncrieffian curve” and sending a short paper upon it to ‘The Athenæum.’ My paragraph was examined and revised by Moncrieff and White, and was then sent off. It came back to me in type with a note from Hepworth Dixon saying he had consulted Professor de Morgan, who said there was nothing in it. Then we consulted Professor Sylvester, Professor of Mathematics at Woolwich, and the greatest mathematician of the day. He said we were perfectly right, and the paragraph was sent back and inserted on October 24, 1868.

Professor Sylvester was undoubtedly a genius. It was said that he had out-distanced all rivals at Cambridge, but that the fact of his being a Jew had prevented his obtaining a degree at that university. Like many another genius he had his weak points, and at this time he believed that he was a musician and a poet. That he

was not a practical musician I know, having frequently heard him sing ; but he doubtless knew perfectly the laws of harmony and counterpoint, and all the theory of music. In October 1869, he wrote to me apropos of a review in 'The Athenæum' of Bulwer Lytton's translations of Horace, especially his rendering of the Ode to Mæcenas, asking me to obtain insertion in 'The Athenæum' of his own rendering of the same Ode, of which he thus wrote: "To my ear it seems to convey more of the effect of the original than does Lytton's, and I think the English is more idiomatic." He told me he had recited it to two of his colleagues, "both of whom considered it a faithful, and were so indulgent as to say as spirited, a rendering as they had ever heard of any Ode of Horace."

I sent it to Dr Doran, well known as the author of 'Their Majesties' Servants,' 'Annals of the Stage,' 'Monarchs retired

from Business,' and other works, who was at that time editing 'The Athenæum' in succession to Hepworth Dixon, but he declined to insert it. Professor Sylvester then sent me "an amended edition of my rhymes; they are polished so smooth that I feel as if I could skate upon them. It is hard work rubbing up old verses and working out the flaws; polishing lenses by hand must be child's-play compared with it." But Dr Doran was obdurate. In a very kind letter from him of November 8, I find the following: "With regard to Professor Sylvester's translation from Horace, I am sorry that I was obliged to refrain from doing myself the pleasure of inserting it, for reasons which seemed to me very good then, and, not less so, now."

Both Hepworth Dixon and Dr Doran were very pleasant editors to work under, genial and considerate. After Dr Doran, Sir Charles Dilke took, I think, for a

short time, the reins into his own hands. Some time early in 1870 he appointed a new editor, a very young man, who was the cause of my connection with 'The Athenæum' coming to a close. I had taken much trouble over a review of Badeau's 'Life of Grant,' the American General and President. The proof came to me with the word "General" inserted in every place before the name of Grant, Sherman, Lee, or any other living commander, the rhythm of all my sentences being thereby destroyed. I cut out all these unauthorised insertions, and in returning the proof explained my reasons. In reply, the editor wrote telling me that he had made a rule that the prefix was to be inserted before the name of every living person, in every case. This mechanical editorship was not to my taste, and I ceased contributing to the paper.

The early part of the year 1870 found

me very hard at work, preparing new courses of lectures, writing a great deal for 'The Standard' and also for 'The Athenæum.'

Among the books which I reviewed at this time was 'Staff College Essays,' by Lieutenant Evelyn Baring, R.A., now Earl of Cromer. He sent it to me with a characteristic note, in which he said, "I publish it more in the interests of the College than my own, for I am pretty certain to be a pecuniary loser by the transaction. My object will be gained if I show to some of the officers of the army that at all events *some* useful work is done at the Staff College, which it may reasonably be hoped will bring forth good fruit in time of war."

At the request of the Council I delivered a lecture in the theatre of the Royal United Service Institution on April 1. The subject chosen by me was "The Last

Campaign of Hanover," and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge did me the honour of presiding. I said that my object was "to tell the plain, unvarnished, true story of the Campaign of Hanover, as I derive it from the closest comparison of official accounts, both Prussian and Hanoverian, with such other trustworthy data as I have been able to collect, and from the closest study of the ground on which the campaign was fought." It was a somewhat difficult task, for the chairman was very close in the succession to the Crown of Hanover, and one of the Hanoverian regiments which had especially distinguished itself was the Duke of Cambridge Dragoons; while sitting very near His Royal Highness among my audience was Colonel Roerdanz, the Prussian Military Attaché, before whom it had to be made clear that the battle of Langensalza was not a victory for the Prussians. The

lecture fortunately won the Duke's approval, and Colonel Roerdanz complimented me on my strict fairness, and asked for a copy of the lecture, when printed, for the Prussian authorities. This lecture was published as a separate pamphlet by Mitchell.

When my summer vacation was near at hand, I obtained, as usual, official permission to travel abroad and visit France, Belgium, and Germany, my intention being to visit the theatre of the 1866 campaign in Bohemia; but I was detained in London by the death of my mother; before I could start, the quarrel between France and Germany assumed a menacing aspect; and on July 12 I published a three-column article in 'The Standard' on "The Armies of France, Prussia, and Spain," and on the 14th an article of equal length on "French and Prussian Tactics" compared.

At this time I proposed to Mr John

Murray to revise and publish some lectures of mine on the Franco-German frontiers. I had previously made his acquaintance, and during my tours on the Continent in 1868 and 1869 had sent him some corrections and additions for his Handbooks, when he had kindly placed me on the Handbooks' free list. His reply to my proposal is interesting :—

I thank you sincerely for thinking of me in the matter of the publication of your military lectures on the Frontier of France. Unfortunately all my recent experiments to benefit the gentlemen of England who follow the profession of arms have been eminently unsuccessful ; so that I have come to the conclusion—
1st, That I am not the proper person to bring out military works ; and 2ndly, that the members of said profession are very little anxious to increase their knowledge of it. This is disheartening ; but I cannot come to other conclusions, and I must reluctantly refer you to some other publisher, &c., &c.

Twenty-eight years later, at the suggestion of my friend Mr William Blackwood, I wrote for 'Maga' a review of that splendid

book, 'Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War,' by Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, Professor of Military Art and History at the Staff College, and I wrote apologising for my temerity to the gifted author. In his charming reply he said—

Besides yourself, only one other General, or even Colonel, on the active list has said a word about the book to me; and so far from its having attracted any notice, I find that very few of the senior officers even know that it is in existence. We are certainly not a literary army, and the unfortunate soldier with a turn for writing history does not get much encouragement from the service. The Volunteers, however, are noble creatures: they actually buy military books, and spend their money freely in educating themselves, so there is hard cash to be made out of writing, and that is a consolation.

Surely these two letters, written at so long an interval apart, give much food for reflection to the thoughtful soldier.

On Saturday, July 16, 1870, the newspapers published the communication made by the French Government to the Corps

Législatif on the previous day, which showed that war was imminent; and that evening I started with Captain Hamber for Paris, leaving no address behind, for in the course of the day I learned that other officers—including my brother and Captain Henry Hozier—had been refused permission to go abroad for ‘The Times.’ And although within my rights in starting on the strength of my permission previously obtained, I was afraid of an order of recall being sent after me.

The 17th and 18th were passed in consultation with Mr Bowes, ‘The Standard’s’ Own Correspondent in Paris, in vain efforts on my own part to obtain permission to go to the front in my personal capacity, and in equally vain efforts on Hamber’s part to obtain permission to send a correspondent with the army. He was told that there would be a rigid surveillance, that all telegrams, except those officially

censored, would be prohibited; that no correspondent, whether of French or any other nationality, would be allowed at the front, and Lebœuf put it shortly, "On fera fusiller tous les journalistes." On my return home more than a fortnight later, I read in 'The Standard' of the 20th, "Chance may bring a newspaper correspondent to the front, but it will be at much personal risk. H.M. Government has prohibited all officers in H.M. service from serving with either army, or joining it as newspaper correspondents."

Our spare moments in Paris were spent in looking at the demonstrations in the streets, bodies of street loafers and hooligans parading the Boulevards and shouting "à Berlin," demonstrations palpably wanting in enthusiasm or even reality, and in watching the despatch of troops from the *gare de l'Est*.

Hamber returned to London on the night

of the 18th. I had resolved to take my chance of getting to the front and utilising such days as remained of my vacation in seeing something of the assembly of the army and the preparations for battle. I still believed the French army would be the first to cross the frontier, but learnt enough to convince me that some time must elapse before any advance could take place.

That night of the 18th I took the express to Strasburg, my companion being my brother officer, Captain Nolan, R.A., well known later as Colonel Nolan, M.P. for Galway, and whip of the Irish party in the House of Commons. He was acting as correspondent for 'The Daily News.' All trains eastward from Paris were exclusively reserved for troops, except this evening express, which had only first-class accommodation; and for the first part of the way our carriage was filled with peasants returning to their homes, and grumbling at having

to pay first-class fares. At Epernay we picked up some soldiers, reservists on their way to join the camp at Chalons. Three of the party in our compartment were trying hard to be jovial, and singing songs; but the fourth, poor fellow, could only repeat at intervals the same sentence, "*Et j'allais me marier demain!*" As we approached the frontier in the early morning and fresh passengers entered the train, the air became full of rumours; we began to be eyed with suspicion, and very unpleasant hints were given us as to the reception we might expect on our arrival. Neither amongst the soldiers nor the civilians who were our companions on that night's journey was there any sign of enthusiasm. They looked on the war as something that had to be faced, but their hearts were not in it.

On arrival at Strasburg early on the 19th we found no difficulties and had no unpleasant experiences. We got comfortable

rooms in a good inn; we walked down to the bridge which crosses the Rhine to Kehl, where we saw the first sign of war. Both the swinging sections of the bridge were open, stopping all communication between the two banks. On the opposite bank, the German (Baden) sentries paced up and down within 250 yards or so of the French sentries on our bank. We climbed to the platform at the top of the Cathedral tower, being the very last persons allowed to ascend. The view was an extended one, but we saw no signs of any great concentration of troops on either side. In the evening we were witnesses of a very moving sight, and of an unmistakable demonstration of genuine enthusiasm. To the strains of military music, the mass of the population of Strasburg, assembled in the largest square, sang in unison "The Marseillaise." At eight o'clock a bell was rung from the Cathedral tower, and at nine

o'clock the city gates, which had been open day and night for fifty years, were closed and barred. That evening I wrote and sent off two and a half columns, in which I expressed my conviction that the concentration would not be on the eastern but on the northern side of the rectangular frontier.

On the 20th we went to the Polygone, where a division was encamped. Beyond a feeble protest on the part of one sentry, no opposition was offered to our walking through the camp, visiting the batteries, looking at the horses and guns, and inspecting the *tentes d'abri* and cooking arrangements as we strolled round. We spent the day walking and observing.

On the 21st we had another uneventful day, and decided it was no use remaining in Strasburg, and that though we were likely to be turned back, we would move northwards and try our fortune. That night I wrote three columns for the paper, and,

writing at midnight, spoke of the great noise in the streets and the drunkenness of the soldiers. I did not finish my letter till 2.30 A.M.

At 5.30 A.M. on the 22nd we were awakened by the sound of military music; we rushed to our windows, from which we saw the whole division, whose camp we had visited two days before, march past in service marching order towards the north. Our course was decided; we would follow that division. We felt sure that it would halt at Haguenau. Accordingly we took the train for that place. We arrived at the inn, were civilly received, and got some breakfast. Presently the General of Division rode up with his Aide-de-camp. In five minutes I was turned out of my room, but, fortunately, got another room next to that of my friend. Feeling certain as to the best course we could pursue, as the common room of the hotel was already

beginning to fill with the headquarters staff, we sent our cards at once to the Aide-de-camp of the Division, and expressed our desire to pay our respects to the general in that way, but not to *gêner* him by a personal interview. As we were giving our message to the landlady, a young sous-lieutenant, who overheard us, said, "Ah! Messieurs sont Anglais. Will you dine with me and my lieutenant?" We expressed ourselves regretful that we could not dine at once, as we had only just eaten a meal, but hoped that he and his lieutenant would sup with us in the evening. Meanwhile we took a glass of wine with them. The lieutenant—a little, dark, sinister-looking man—evidently suspected us at once. He was the police agent of the camp. Unfortunately, my companion, seeing the Mexican medal and the Order of Maximilian on his breast, commenced to speak

Spanish to him; and nothing is so likely to gain one the credit or discredit of being a spy as the power of speaking three or four languages. However, at this time we were allowed to take our departure from the inn, and to go for a drive in the carriage we had ordered previously. We drove to the camp of the division which had marched in during our *causerie*, and whose weary, over-laden, foot-sore stragglers were still toiling up, gladly accepting the aid of the gamins to carry their rifles. We walked round and through the camp, and towards six o'clock we returned to our inn. We were marked men. The supper we had ordered was refused, while the officers of the division were using the dining-room. Our friend the lieutenant put some very searching and suspicious questions to us, when we expressed our regret at not being able to fulfil our hospitable intentions, and left the

room. Seeing the impossibility of getting any attention in the dining-room with the officers, and not liking to consort with the general's grooms and orderlies in the common room, we decided to go upstairs till the place should be more clear. No sooner had we reached the foot of the stairs than our friend the young sous-lieutenant, whom we now discovered to be the subaltern of divisional police, accosted me—"Monsieur, Je suis officier Français. A French officer must, even when it is against his wishes, perform his duty. They tell us there are two hundred Prussians in the town——" "In short," I interrupted, "you wish to see our papers." "If Monsieur would be so good, &c.," while meantime an official in a civilian's clothes and the Mexican lieutenant stood on either side. I produced a passport given during Lord Stanley's reign at the Foreign Office, and two other papers, showing that I was

unmistakably travelling in France with the permission of Her Majesty. My companion produced a passport given a few days previously at the British Embassy in Paris. None of our three custodians could understand a word of English. But we translated the documents to them, and my companion dwelt with great unction upon the titles of Lord Lyons. Our suspicious friends were overawed. They dared not go further. They still suspected us, but they dared not arrest us. Only the aide-de-camp—I wish I knew his name that I might publish the name of a true French gentleman and man of honour—believed us; and having expressed his regret that we should have been so troubled by a necessary piece of camp discipline, took us by the hand, invited us to the café where the officers of the division were assembled, and gave us coffee, treating us with thorough hospitality. But we were still under sur-

veillance. Our suspicious friend the lieutenant never left our sides. When the aide-de-camp, worn out with his hard day's work, asked leave to go to bed, and we followed his example, we were followed from the café. We ordered some supper, now given to us freely at our inn; the sous-lieutenant stuck to us. He pumped us; he tried to get my companion to give him his parole that we were really what we professed to be. Presently he disappeared and brought back with him another officer, who was to test us by his knowledge of English literature. We drank wine together; we discussed the war and its strategy; French and Prussian tactics were compared. The political aspect of the question cropped up: we discussed it temperately but freely. A brave old war-worn, weather-beaten officer, *chef de bataillon* in that day's 'Gazette,' was disgusted to see us under the hands of

the *mouchards*. His honesty led him to see more truly than the cleverness of the police could lead them. He talked with me, certainly not on the most intellectual subjects. "How much," he said, "if it is a fair question, does an English lieutenant receive as pay?" And when I told him about eight francs a-day—"Huit francs par jour! Deux cent quarante par mois! C'est incroyable, c'est magnifique." I fancy if I had told him the expenses he would have said that they were incredible too. Well, till long past midnight did we sit, pumping and being pumped. Two things saved us from arrest—one, that I knew my clever friend's English classic 'Tristram Shandy' better even than he did; the other, that I had personal acquaintance with the brother of an officer in one of the line regiments to whom I was introduced, and could tell the officer his brother's appearance, the regiment in which he had served, and the

appointment he was now holding, as he happened to be Instructor in French at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Yet all this did not prevent their telegraphing about us, or their placing a sentry outside our rooms at night. We went to bed late, we knew we were under surveillance, and we slept badly. At dawn the lancers, orderlies, grooms, and baggage escort were talking about us in the courtyard below our windows. Were we English or were we spies? Would they let us go, or would they send us off to the Maréchal in a carriage, or would they hang us on the spot? At last we rose, and before breakfast, our sous-lieutenant, who had promised to call on us at nine A.M., *temps militaire*, and to take us to breakfast in the camp, came to say he regretted that duty prevented the repast from coming off. The decision had been made — we were free. I asked for the aide-de-camp. He

was most kind. Would we not stay another day with the division? It was to halt that day. We were free as air, or as any strangers—we probably should find some *désagréments* if we tried to go farther to the front. Of course what had happened to us was nothing—a bagatelle, a precaution necessary on the march. In short, *à la guerre comme à la guerre*. But how did we know the division would halt at Haguenau? On that point he was curious. It was gnats and camels again. Why, Monsieur Aide-de-Camp, how far do French troops generally march in a day? Which gate of Strasburg did you go out by? Did not your bands notify your start to all the town? And was not Haguenau marked out as your first halting-place?

There are men who would have pushed their way another march to the front with that division. Our tastes lay another way. So, adieu, gallant division. Adieu, brave

old handsome general. Adieu, brave young handsome aide-de-camp. Adieu, *mouchards*, who were willing to ply a trade that stank in the nostrils of your own comrades. Adieu, Haguenau; and welcome the railway that is to lead us to the hoped-for solitude of a crowd at Metz.

On the 23rd we left Haguenau and travelled unmolested by the railway past Niederbronn, Bitche, Saarguemines, and Bening-Merlbach to Metz, which was in a great state of excitement. There was an absolute mania about spies. Two English officers and two special correspondents had been arrested and badly treated. Bazaine was there, but left on the night of the 24th for the frontier. Lebœuf arrived on the 25th, on which day I left for Luxemburg and passed the frontier without question. At Metz, where there were several English in the Hotel de l'Europe, we were almost afraid to speak, except when alone together.

At Luxemburg one passed into a region of comparative calm. Yet even in that Sleepy Hollow anxiety was evident. There was a conviction that in a few days or hours French or German troops would be in occupation of the dismantled fortress, and my landlord said that as he had guests of all nationalities it would greatly oblige him if in conversation I would not show either French or German sympathies. Here I met Charles Austin, correspondent of 'The Times,' and Monsieur Thieblin, correspondent of 'The Pall Mall Gazette.' On the 26th we took a carriage and drove together to the point where the three frontiers met, finding a French Brigade camped on the very edge of the French frontier. Our driver was much alarmed lest we should fall into their hands.

Thieblin was a cheery companion, and not long afterwards sent me "A Little Book about Great Britain," reprinted from

'The Pall Mall Gazette,' with the inscription "From a very bad strategist to an exceedingly good one,—Azamat Batuk." This was the pseudonym under which he wrote his clever social articles.

I returned home by way of Spa and Brussels, reaching London on August 1, and resuming my duties on the opening of the term at Woolwich. I had written seven long letters to 'The Standard' in the thirteen days between 19th and 31st July.

On August 6 I commenced writing the "Diary of the War" in 'The Standard.' The idea was that I should write every evening a summary of the day's war news, up to the latest hour, explaining its probable bearing on the future of the operations, with such military comments as would make the Diary at once intelligible to the general reader and useful to the military student. For this purpose I took rooms at the Cannon Street Hotel, and

nightly up to the hour of the paper going to press was fed with copies of telegrams as they arrived, my “copy” being taken to the newspaper office by the messengers who brought the telegrams. It is curious now to read what I then wrote and what was written in other papers—we were all groping in the dark as to what had really taken place, for the news we received was often contradictory. I seem to have diagnosed pretty accurately what took place before Metz, and was pretty firm in my belief that Bazaine’s whole army had retired on that fortress; but, like the rest, I was puzzled as to what MacMahon’s army was doing. As early as August 12 I predicted that the Prussians would endeavour to push forward across the Moselle, south of Metz, and endeavour to hem the French in against the neutral territory, cutting them off from Paris. On the 20th I said that if the troops at

Chalons tried to reach Bazaine they could only be crushed. On the 25th I spoke tentatively of the possibilities of some "design of unknown depth in connection with Bazaine." On the 26th I made my grand *coup*. It flashed across me, as I was writing in the early morning, that the true solution of all the mystery was that MacMahon was marching round the Prussian flank to join hands with Bazaine before Metz. I tore up much of what I had previously written, and propounded this theory. On the 27th I said that my theory had not been approved by any other morning paper, but I repeated it and upheld it, and after-events proved its correctness.

I wrote till one or two o'clock in the morning, and continued this six nights a-week until September 1, when my connection with 'The Standard' came to an end, in consequence of my going out to

the seat of war as Chief Representative on the Continent of the National Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War, under circumstances to be told presently. The Diary went on, a successor in that interesting work having been found without delay.

When the idea of the "Diary of the War" was first mooted, Hamber told me that the manager of 'The Standard' wanted me to enter into a formal agreement with the paper; but this I declined to do, saying that other duties might at any time make it impossible to continue the work. Now, when I announced to Hamber that I must give it up in consequence of this new claim upon me, the importance of which I hoped he would recognise, he became very angry, and spoke in a way which compelled me to consider this as a final severance from 'The Standard.' I am glad to say that we often met again

in after years, and that we again became friends.

Dear old Tom Hamber! I cannot dismiss 'The Standard' and its editor from these Reminiscences without saying something of him. Tall and spare, with a keen eye and a prominent nose, there was something about him that made one think of an eagle. He had been a captain in the Foreign Legion in the Crimean War, and he looked every inch a fighting soldier. How he took to literature and attained the position of editor of a great London daily paper I never understood. He had a charming wife, innumerable children, and a nice old house at Chiswick, with grounds to the river, where I have spent many a pleasant Sunday, and whence I have watched the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. He sang well, and was charming in domestic life, as I have seen him at his house and my own. But, alas!

he was a Bohemian at heart, and the life of an editor whose duties keep him till the early hours of the morning and whose home is miles away—there were no motors in those days—tends to encourage Bohemianism. He belonged to Bohemian clubs, to which I have occasionally accompanied him, where it was not only mirth and song that flowed. I remember also dining with him as his guest at “Our Club,” mentioned in Professor Masson’s delightful ‘Memories of London in the Forties,’ when I sat between Hamber and Professor Masson himself. This dinner was at the Mitre at Hampton Court. I was told that it was a recognised feature of the club dinner that, in proposing a health or returning thanks, the speaker was at liberty to make caustic remarks at which no offence was to be taken. I heard that Hepworth Dixon had given up coming to the dinners, because Serjeant

Parry would always propose his health, and he didn't like it. I was not surprised at this when I heard Serjeant Parry propose the health of the chairman, Mr Cooke, of John Murray's firm. He began by saying, "I don't know why I am asked to propose the health of the Chairman, because I know very little of him, and the little I do know I don't much like. To begin with, he is a publisher, and so, as we all know, was Barabbas." And so he went on, amid roars of laughter. Horace Mayhew sang the "Marseillaise." Professor Masson spoke, and said that "England was just a great fat carcass for Scotch parasites to feed upon."

Alas! the late hours, the club life, and the various temptations to which they gave rise, caused Hamber to become more and more unpunctual and I am afraid unbusiness-like. Even in the time of my connection with the paper, it became more and

more difficult to find him at his office, or to hear from him. He lost his editorship of 'The Standard.' Then he became editor of 'The Hour,' a paper that had but a short existence; then for a while he edited 'The Morning Advertiser,' and at last he picked up a precarious living by writing for various papers. I saw him and heard from him from time to time; in the last letter I had from him he told me he was dying, and soon afterwards I heard of his death.

Writing of "Our Club" reminds me of another literary dining club called, I think, the Society of Noviomagus, where on an upper floor in Cockspur Street I dined one day in the 'Sixties, as the guest of Mr S. C. Hall, the editor of 'The Art Journal.' Mr Hall, with his curling silver hair, was a striking personality, and his wife, the authoress of some very excellent Irish stories, a delightful lady. At their

house in Brompton I heard Catherine Hayes sing "Kathleen Mavourneen," and there also I met Home, the spiritualist.

In the most extraordinary little book written by Lord Adare, now Earl of Dunraven, entitled 'Experiences in Spiritualism with Mr D. D. Home,' printed by Thomas Scott, Warwick Court, Holborn, and bearing internal evidence that it was published in 1869, Lord Dunraven gives detailed accounts of a large number of séances, and relates that at one of these, on 16th December 1867, he and the Master of Lindsay (now Earl of Crawford) saw Home float out of a window on the third floor of No. 5 Buckingham Gate and float in at the next window in the adjoining room, Lord Crawford having been previously warned by the spirit of Adah Menken, a circus-rider of whom the elder Dumas was greatly enamoured, that Home was about to perform this feat.

On this first occasion of my meeting Home, we were seated at dinner. There was a ring at the hall-door bell, and when the door was opened the dining-table gave a jump, which made the plates and glasses shake. "That must be Home," said Mr Hall quietly; but my eyes at the moment of the table's remarkable behaviour happened to be fixed on a young engaged couple seated opposite me, and I thought I saw the cause of the jump. But then I am a sceptic as regards mediums.

CHAPTER III.

Work for the Red Cross in the Franco-German War—
 Formation of the National Society for Aid to Sick
 and Wounded in War—The founders of the move-
 ment—Sent to the seat of war as Chief Representa-
 tive of the Society—Start *viâ* Brussels and Luxem-
 burg—A blackguard well served—Formation of a
 dépôt at Arlon—Scenes at Bazeilles, Balan, Sedan
 —Dr Philip Frank—Mr Blewitt—Lost and found—
 Night travelling—Messrs Spiers & Pond—Work
 round Sedan—Saarbrück—The Johanniter—Work
 round Metz—Back to Brussels—The French Min-
 ister, M. Albert Tachard—The Fall of Metz—Entry
 into Metz—French prisoners of war—First night in
 Metz—The next morning—Metz newspapers—Lunch
 with Maréchal Canrobert—The battlefields—Work in
 Metz—Epernay—Meaux—Captain Richard Nevill—
 The fighting at Champigny—Villeneuve St Georges
 —Versailles—Lunch with the Crown Prince of
 Prussia—Back to Metz—French prisoners in Ger-
 many—My final report—Colonel Loyd-Lindsay—
 Decorations offered by France, Prussia, Bavaria—
 Debate in Parliament.

My being sent out to the war as Chief
 Representative of the National Aid Society
 came about in this wise. When visiting

the Exhibition at Paris in 1867, I was much interested in the display of ambulance material exhibited by the Société Internationale de Secours aux Blessés; this led me to study the work done by the American Sanitary Commission during the war between North and South, and the aid given by independent organisations during the wars of 1866 between Prussia and Austria, and Austria and Italy; and, having become profoundly impressed with the value of and need for such an organisation at home, in January 1868 I published two articles in 'The Standard,' entitled "Help for the Sick and Wounded," describing what had been done in these wars, and sketching the volunteer organisations of foreign nations. The last paper ended with these words:

We have seen what other nations have done. What is England doing? We have our Nightingale Fund for training nurses, our Patriotic Fund for relief of Crimean sufferers. Where is our branch of the "International

Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded," and what work is it doing? Where is its shipload of comforts to follow the Abyssinian expedition? There lies before us the catalogue of that most interesting exhibition of objects for relief of sick and wounded soldiers held in connection with this International Society at Paris, near the chief entrance; and in the midst of the thousands of objects exhibited England sends two books, and one of those is called 'America and its Army.' Surely this is a slur on our national humanity, a blot on our fair escutcheon. In Heaven's name let us be up and doing. We have signed the Convention of Geneva. We are bound in honour to be working in time of peace not for ourselves alone, but for all the other nations, whose wounded may, by even the remotest possibility, ever fall into our hands. We invite discussion and action on a subject affecting both our soldiers' lives and our national honour.

These articles brought me into communication with two gentlemen, Mr (now Sir John) Furley and Captain C. J. Burgess, who were both much interested in the same object. On my return from France at the beginning of August 1870, I learnt that a Committee for the purpose of starting a national fund had been formed under the presidency of Colonel Loyd Lindsay, M.P., and I was invited to move one of

the resolutions at a meeting held at Willis's Rooms on 4th August. At this meeting a National Society was formed, of which the Prince of Wales accepted the presidency, and an executive committee was named of which I became a member. We met daily in rooms lent by the Government in St Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and I gave up to this work every available moment of my time. Colonel Loyd-Lindsay was our Chairman, Captain Burgess was our Secretary, and those whom I remember as constant in their attendance were Lord Overstone, Sir Harry Verney, Captain (afterwards Sir) Douglas Galton, Lord Bury, Baron N. de M. (now Lord) Rothschild, and Lord Shaftesbury. Mr Furley and Captain Burgess both started for the Continent on the night of the 4th, to visit Geneva, Paris, and Berlin, to make inquiries.

The story of the work done by the Society has been admirably told by Lady

Wantage in her Memoir of her late husband, and my own share in that work is all that will be related here. On August 17 a long letter from Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, the well-known S.G.O. of 'The Times,' appeared in that paper, and seemed to us to cast doubt upon the need for our efforts, and upon the method of them. This letter, with Colonel Loyd-Lindsay's "high approval," I answered in the following day's 'Times'; Lord Sydney wrote again, and I again replied; our public correspondence then ceased, but there lies before me a letter from him of August 24 thanking me for my "kind letter in 'The Times' to-day," and saying "I cordially accept its spirit and its letter." My letter of 17th had brought me a number of letters enclosing cheques for the fund, among them one for £1000 from a correspondent who desired to remain anonymous.

On the morning of Monday, September

2, when I arrived at the committee room, Colonel Lindsay took me aside and said that in view of the large contributions which were pouring in, of the growing and somewhat scattered operations of the Society, and of the news which had that morning appeared of the fighting at Sedan, the Committee had decided to request me to go out to the seat of war and control their operations there. I was rather startled, and pointed out to him that there would be two great difficulties in the way—my Professorship of Military History, and my work for 'The Standard.' I said that I was not prepared to give up my professorship, and did not think it would be possible to obtain leave; but that if leave were granted I would go, and give up the work for 'The Standard.' It was a serious decision, for at that time the considerable remuneration which I was then receiving from 'The Standard' was a matter of great importance to me.

Colonel Loyd-Lindsay at once took the matter in hand. After much difficulty with General Sir Lintorn Simmons, the Governor of the Academy at Woolwich, he prevailed upon Mr Cardwell, the Secretary of State for War, to agree to the Committee's request, so far as to order that a month's leave should be given me. To complete this part of the story, it may be stated here that before the end of the month I was up to the eyes in work of great importance; and it was clear that I could not give it up without detriment to the interests of the Society and of the sick and wounded of the two armies. Colonel Loyd-Lindsay again tackled Mr Cardwell and Sir Lintorn Simmons, and succeeded in getting my leave prolonged to the end of the year, on condition that I should receive no pay from H.M. Government during my absence. Colonel Charles Chesney, Professor of Military History at the Staff College, kindly carried on a

course of lectures for me throughout the term, receiving my salary ; and I remained abroad till the end of the Christmas vacation, which coincided with the armistice concluded at Paris and the end of the war. Colonel Loyd-Lindsay sent me the whole of his correspondence with Mr Cardwell, and it has been referred to for the above details.

That day and the next were spent in obtaining the necessary credentials, and making preparations ; and on the evening of the 3rd September 1870, provided with a passport duly *visé*, and the armlet or *brassard* of the Society, I started with the Honourable Reginald Capel and a courier for Brussels, where through the kindness of our Minister, Mr Savile Lumley, I obtained a letter from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, recommending me to the local authorities near the frontier, and charging them to give me every possible assistance. My instructions were to visit

Luxemburg and Arlon, to establish a depôt at whichever appeared most favourable for lines of communication to the hospitals across the frontier, and to telegraph to London for whatever I might require.

We went first to Luxemburg, and soon found that owing to difficulties as to customs and railway transport it was quite unsuited for a depôt, but in the few hours we remained there we succeeded in obtaining a certain amount of wheeled transport, thanks to the kindly help of that straightforward gentleman, M. Norbert Metz, an ironmaster, and chief of the Liberal party of the Duchy. While we were inspecting horses and waggons, I saw M. Metz suddenly turn upon my courier, hit him hard between the eyes and knock him down. To my inquiry, he replied: "What do you think this blackguard did? He whispered to me, 'There's money to be made over this, give me a share.'" When my courier

emerged from under the waggon, where he had crawled, with black eyes and a swollen nose, I promptly packed him off to England, telegraphing to Loyd-Lindsay, who sent me out a dear honest old fellow called Christian Sonder, who remained with me to the end of the war.

Having decided on Arlon, within twenty-four hours of Sedan for our waggons, as the best place for our chief dépôt, the local authorities there gave me every help. The ground-floor of the Palais de Justice was given me for a store; the commissary of the arrondissement arranged for hire of transport, the commissary of police for labour. Both transport and labour were very difficult to obtain, as it was the season of harvest.

The first days seemed to drag, for progress was slow owing to want of sufficient staff and stores, but I telegraphed to Loyd-Lindsay, and he never failed me. The Belgium customs and railways vied with

each other in pushing our men and stores through; and on September 9 I was able to report that we were fully at work, supplying the hospitals in and round Sedan by means of country carts. At Arlon I found Mr Furley and Captain de Kantzow, R.N., who had already done much invaluable work, and they gave me cordial help. Capel took charge of the depôt at Arlon till relieved by another agent, and I began to visit the hospitals, where our surgeons were already at work. I had reached Brussels on the 4th, Luxemburg on the 5th, Arlon on the 6th, and on the 7th Furley and I started for the small hospital under Dr Chater at Douzy, where we learnt that Dr Philip Frank was at work at Balan, three or four miles off. And here I will quote from my letter of the 9th to Loyd-Lindsay—

I drove on at once with Furley, in a little light trap which I had got for *grande vitesse*, and found Frank estab-

lished at the Mairie. Before I speak of him, let me say in a few words what I saw *en route*. I know you and I agree in not wishing to call up British feeling by dint of relating horrors, so I shall speak in a matter-of-fact way. Horses dead and dying; newly-made graves with dead men a foot or two under the soil; fields trodden down; the *débris* of the fight all around; broken waggons; boxes for mitrailleuses; all the marks of the battle on every side. Presently we reached Bazeilles, which Joanne calls in his Guide a town of 2048 inhabitants, situated in the midst of beautiful plantations, with cloth factories, forges, and other industries. It was a heap of blackened ruins. Not one house stands, from one end of the town to the other. Burnt walls, heaps of stones, mud, and desolation, constitute the town of Bazeilles. Balan is not so badly off. The fire which was put to it failed to destroy the whole.

At Balan, then, I found Dr Frank and Mr Blewitt at work in the Mairie, given over to them as a hospital. If England can ever gain kind thoughts from France and Prussia, it is by the work of such men as these—Frank dressing the wounded men all through the battle, in a house where the bullets came in like hail through the windows, and crashed into the walls of the room; Blewitt going out through the hot fire to get what was needed to help. It must have been an awful fight here. 129 Bavarian officers and 2000 men killed in and about Balan. Street-fighting in its worst form, and what is worse than street-fighting? They had gone from Sedan to Balan the night before the battle, on purpose to be ready for the work. And now I found them at the

work ; and no words that I could use would express the pride that I felt that such men had come out from us. They had then 120 wounded, and I learn that they have since got many more. I will tell you what I saw. I found them dressing a wounded Bavarian who had been hit in the left side by a chassepot ball, which had passed through his left lung and out near his spine. I wish the people who have given us money so generously could have seen that one sight alone. The young, handsome, plucky Bavarian, sitting so coolly while his wounds were dressed with a solution of carbolic acid, leaning so completely on Frank, who is a woman in gentleness and a man in strength and firmness, and a young girl of the village helping him and Blewitt bravely and quietly. The next case I saw him dress was a French soldier, wounded in the thigh by a needle-gun bullet, which seems not to be yet extracted, and who groaned so that Frank gave him chloroform while Blewitt dressed his wound. Those were but two sights of many. There they lay side by side together, French and Germans, enemies no longer, all quiet in their common suffering. Floors covered with the poor fellows, with every sort of wound. Some dying with balls through the chest, some with crushed arms or legs from shells. One Frenchman had lain for three days in a ditch, and was brought in to have his thigh amputated. He asked for a cigar the moment the amputation was over. Another Bavarian with his thigh and hip smashed to pieces by a shell ; and, alas ! in such a condition that I could not go near him, though his wounds are dressed with pure carbolic acid. The

wounds are now in their stage of suppuration, and a cigar was necessary for men who, like myself, are not accustomed to such places. But I must pay the highest tribute to Dr Frank for the care with which his patients are tended, the cleanliness and purity of his hospitals, and the evident love with which he was regarded by his wounded. He speaks French and German perfectly. Blewitt is a thoroughly good French speaker. These are the men who do us credit—to whom not only French and Germans, but England should be heartily grateful. Dr Frank has several other houses in the village near the Mairie full of patients. In one he had utilised the bacon-hooks in the kitchen ceiling to sling a broken leg. He is a man of endless resources. But I found him badly off for chloroform, while at Douzy they had cases of it lying useless. His subcutaneous syringes for morphia were worn out. He was badly off for carbolic acid; badly off for linen; badly off for almost everything. He had been badly off for food, but now the Bavarians supply rations. I could write you nearly a volume about Frank's hospital alone. But let me wind up with one fact for the information of medical men. He tied a carotid artery unassisted, and by the light of a candle, and with perfect success. Frank wanted no surgical assistance, unless I could guarantee him a gentle, clever man. I sent him Mr F. Aubrey Thomas, who came to us with high surgical recommendations from Edinburgh, and whose charming disposition I had learnt in the few days we passed together.

Dr Frank then went with me to Sedan. There I

saw the hospital of our Anglo-American Ambulance in the *caserne* on the top of the hill. They have 400 beds. There we have at work for our Society as surgeons—Dr MacCormac, Dr Woodham Webb, Mr Wyman, Mr Hewett; and as dressers—Mr Scott, Mr Ryan, Mr Walker; while the Americans have Dr Marion Sims as *chef d'ambulance*, Dr Tilghman, Dr Pratt, Mr Nicholl, and Mr Hayden. I was glad to hear they had no fever, though they have gangrene and other mischief. I was unable to stay long enough to see much of the work; but the rooms seemed pretty good for a hospital, though not high enough. However, my opinion on these points is worth very little. I was indeed chiefly occupied in filling a bag with bandages for Dr Frank, and my pockets with what bottles they could spare him of chloroform and carbolic acid. Next day I supplied him from the excess at Douzy with some useful stores.

From Sedan back to Balan, and there we took some supper with Frank and others, in the room where a French officer was lying wounded. To my great interest he belonged to the 19th Battalion of Chasseurs, of the division of Guyot de l'Esparre, which I had travelled with about the end of July from Strasburg to Haguenau—the division which covered MacMahon's retreat from Woerth, and which took a wonderful route to regain MacMahon at Chalons, only to suffer terribly again at Sedan.

Back with Furley in the dark to Douzy, past Prussian patrols who questioned nothing, as our white flag with its Red Cross protected us even from inquiry. Then from Douzy, Capel, de Kantzow, and myself started

from Balan, and drove all through the night, changing horses at Florenville, arriving at Arlon at 8 A.M. yesterday morning. At Florenville we found a poor curé dead beat with his exertions, having walked from Sedan, and gave him a lift for twenty miles or so.

There have been gigantic individual efforts, which have nearly worn out Furley, de Kantzow, and others, but which were only isolated efforts. Had there been a central power anywhere, and a good staff, we would have made a gigantic combined effort and shown abroad what England can do here, something worthy of the great work which her people are doing at home. Even now I do not think it is too late. I am too tired to continue writing, so I must reserve for to-morrow what I have done since I came back from Arlon, which I think will please you. I will only add now that Capel, who returned to Arlon at 8 A.M. yesterday, and who had driven with me nearly 100 miles in 36 hours, started again at 10 P.M. with a convoy of stores back to Douzy. He had only the rough country waggon to drive in, and small chance of a bed either at Florenville or Douzy. That is work. Such a man, willing to act under orders, anxious to help, a genial, cheery companion, and speaking French, is simply invaluable. Such men save life, save misery, and are a credit to the country that sends them out to help in such a glorious cause.

A few days later I gave M. Thieblin, the correspondent of 'The Pall Mall

Gazette,' of whom I have previously spoken, an introduction to Frank at Balan and MacCormac at Sedan. He wrote thanking me, and said in his quaint English—

I have seldom seen so honest Englishmen. There is nothing but work, hard work, and not a single boast, not even a shade of vanity so natural in men performing so splendid a work. I wish you heartily to bring all your ambulances to the point which that of Balan and of the Caserne d'Asfeld had already reached.

A curious incident happened on that drive from Sedan to Balan in the light two-wheeled trap of which I have spoken. Furley was by my side, and I was driving. I had over my shoulder, but under my overcoat, a strap to which was attached a courier bag containing a large sum in gold that I had brought from Arlon in case it might be needed at Sedan. We had no lamps, and it was pitch dark. As we drove across the drawbridge, which was lowered for our exit, our off wheel

struck a large stone at the corner of the bridge, and Furley and I were both pitched out on opposite sides. Two German soldiers were sitting smoking close to where I fell. Neither of them moved. We drove on to Balan. On arrival there, when I took off my overcoat I found my bag was gone; the strap had broken with the jolt and the weight of the bag. We hastily drove back, and there in the road, not six feet from the two soldiers still placidly smoking, groping in the darkness I found my bag with its contents safe.

For the next few days I was constantly on the road between Sedan and Arlon, always travelling at night, so as to have the days free for work. I do not know how many nights I spent sitting up in the carriage, which, with a change of horses at Florenville, was our means of accomplishing that frequent journey of

about fifty miles each way. One evening there arrived at Arlon a portly gentleman, who brought me a letter from Colonel Loyd - Lindsay saying that suggestions had been made that the work of supplying the hospitals might with advantage be handed over to a firm of contractors, that Messrs Spiers & Pond had been approached, and were sending out their manager, Mr S., who would hand me this letter, and to whom he was sure I would give every opportunity of judging for himself if his firm would undertake the work. I ordered dinner for him, showed him our stores in the Palais de Justice, and the packing and despatch of a convoy, and asked him if he would like to accompany me to Sedan, whither I was going at 10 P.M. He went with me to Sedan, Bazeilles, and Balan. While I was busy consulting and arranging with the chiefs, he was shown round

the hospitals, being present at a serious operation in the Caserne d'Asfeld. The following night we drove back to Arlon, whence he departed for London by the first train, after overwhelming me with thanks and compliments. The upshot of it was that he wrote a letter through his firm, in which he said the work could not, in his opinion, be better done, and that his firm could not undertake it advantageously. Messrs Spiers & Pond sent a handsome cheque to the Society, and I was given a letter by which I was virtually placed on the free list of their restaurants, a privilege of which I never availed myself.

We had now our own hospitals at Beaumont, Douzy, Balan, Bazeilles, and Sedan, all thoroughly supplied; we had given help to the Belgian Société de Secours, and to the 5th French Ambulance, to which three of our surgeons were at-

tached. Now, as the wants of the Sedan district became supplied, and as the wounded were being evacuated from the hospitals on that battlefield, it became possible for me to turn my attention to the Metz district. Hitherto the strain had been so great, that I had neither time to examine into the wants round Metz, nor to establish those personal relations with the chief authorities which it was desirable to maintain. But Mr Ernest Hart and Dr Berkeley Hill, though not agents of our Society, had rendered valuable service by inquiring into and reporting on the condition of affairs; so that when I was able to leave Arlon for Saarbrück the way was, to some extent, paved for our reception. By this time, also, Sir Paul Hunter had, at my request, bought a number of covered *camions* at Brussels, with horses and harness, and had engaged drivers, so that we became independent

of hired transport, almost impossible to obtain in the Metz district.

At Saarbrück I was fortunate in establishing friendly relations with the Prussian Royal Commissioners of the *Freiwillige Krankenpflege*, Count Königsmarck and Herr von Treskow, both of the Order of St John of Jerusalem, and under the supreme control of Prince Pless, and with their aid I obtained a plot of ground in the railway premises adjoining a siding. Here I had a large wooden storehouse built. At first the Johanniter wanted to claim control over the distribution of our stores, but this I was compelled to resist, as both the Johanniter and the Berlin Society gave from their stores to Prussian troops who were neither sick nor wounded, on the principle that prevention is better than cure. However sound their doctrine might be in the abstract, we should have been guilty of a breach of

neutrality had we let our stores be so used, and though the Commissioners promised me this should not take place, I succeeded in making them see the force of my argument that under their proposal we should only be enabling them to help still further the troops from their own stores; and I at last prevailed, and obtained that independence of action which I insisted on as an indispensable condition of further assistance.

By the beginning of October the situation was this: Every hospital in the Sedan district had been visited, and but few wounded remained. Dr (afterwards Sir William) MacCormac still had about 70 bad cases in Sedan, Frank as many at Balan and Bazeilles. We had accepted charge of a hospital of 100 beds at Saarbrück, and had a hospital with about 60 cases at Briey, in the Prussian lines round Metz. The Arlon dépôt, under Capel,

still remained, and supplied by hired transport the Sedan district and our advanced depôt at Briey, whence our own horses and waggons conveyed stores daily to the hospitals on the left (south) bank of the Moselle. Our depôt at Saarbrück, under Mr Bushnan, was in working order, with an advanced depôt at Remilly, under Captain Norman and Mr (now Sir Henry) Austin Lee, whence stores were conveyed daily by our own horses and waggons to the hospitals on the right (north) bank of the Moselle.

Feeling that the organisation was now so far advanced that in a very few days the sick and wounded in the entire circle of hospitals round Metz would have all the appliances and comforts required, I went off to England as fast as I could travel to consult the Committee on some important questions connected with our future proceedings, chief among which was

the provision for throwing relief into Metz, whenever the beleaguered fortress should fall.

During the few hours of my stay in London, I wrote a short report for the Society on the work already done, showing how impartial had been our aid to French and German. On the night of the 4th October I started for Brussels, having arranged for a conference on the following day with the headquarters of the French Society there. For the next three weeks, visiting Arlon and Saarbrück occasionally, I spent much of my time at Brussels, which was a convenient headquarters, where earlier and better news from the seat of war could be got than at the small towns nearer the front. I had more than one interview with the King of the Belgians, who showed himself anxious to assist us in every way. The French Minister, Monsieur Tachard, trusted me, and kept me informed to the best of his

ability; and at the Hôtel de Flandre there was a colony of French refugees, through whom I expected to get the earliest news as to the probable date of the fall of Metz, and did obtain information as to the most pressing needs of the sick and wounded in Metz, so that I was able to pour into Arlon and Saarbrück, Briey and Remilly, the stores most urgently required. We used to meet in the salon of Madame Walewska, the widow of Count Walewski, that son of the great Napoleon, who had been Minister in France and French Ambassador in London during the Empire. There I generally met M. Tachard. I returned once or twice to London to consult personally with the Committee, crossing over from Ostend one night, and returning the next night.

On October 26 Bazaine held his penultimate *Conseil de guerre*, when authority was given to General Jarras to sign a

military convention "under which the French army, conquered by famine, would become prisoners of war." On the morning of the 27th the convention was signed, and the news reached me late that afternoon. Immediately on receipt of the news I telegraphed to Arlon and Saarbrück; and on the following morning (28th) I got from the bank at Brussels as much gold as I could conveniently carry, and started by train for Arlon, accompanied by the Maréchale Canrobert, her servant and mine. We remained at Arlon for the night, as I was occupied till a late hour in discussing and arranging future plans with Capel and Bushnan, and the roads were not very safe for night travelling between Arlon and Metz. Early on Saturday we started for Metz in a carriage, horses having been laid on half-way at Aumetz. Soon after passing Longwy, we encountered Mr Schoots, of our staff, under escort of the

French authorities, who had stopped his convoy, and were taking him back to the commandant of Longwy. They entirely disbelieved that Metz had capitulated, and were scarcely convinced when I showed them the King of Prussia's despatch in a Belgian newspaper. However, the special letter of recommendation which I showed them from the French Minister at Brussels enabled me to pass Mr Schoot's convoy on as well as my own carriage. At Aumetz we met the first Prussian soldiers, making requisitions, but we were not stopped. We shortly met on the road Mr Stewart Sutherland returning with empty waggons from Briey, and a gentleman of Luxemburg, who told me we should be refused permission to proceed beyond Ucange, as no one was to be allowed to enter Metz till the following day. However, at Ucange we drove straight to the office of the Commandant, who treated us

with remarkable kindness, and, moved by the Maréchale's position, gave us a pass to proceed. A convoy of stores from Luxemburg was not allowed to proceed further.

Delays of one kind and another made it dusk when we approached within some six miles of Metz, where we found the road blocked by masses of French prisoners marching out to bivouac. We had come by the main *chaussée*, along which the 6th Corps, Marshal Canrobert's, was moving. It was a pitiful sight. There were 22,000 men still in the corps, and it had lost 10,800 in the two days about Rézonville and Gravelotte. Half starved, worn and weary, they came out to lie down in the same mud where for so many weary nights the Prussian outposts had lain. By advice of the escort we turned off to another road, but it was so blocked that we did not enter the

town of Metz till nearly midnight. The rain was pouring down as we drove to the Hôtel de l'Europe, where General von Kummer had taken up his quarters; and it was easy to see, by the beds that were being made up on the floor for the officers, that we should find no quarters there, and easy to conceive that all hotels would be in the same condition. I asked for the General, but he had gone to bed. His aide-de-camp, however, Captain von Foerster, showed us the utmost attention. The Prussian officers vied with each other in offering to turn out from their rooms to allow the Maréchale to be accommodated. But a bright thought struck von Foerster, and he went to General Coffinières, the French commandant of the fortress, who had left his official residence and taken up his abode at the Hôtel de Metz, and ascertained from him that the Marshal was outside the

him, hearing he was in Metz, had offered him a building for a depôt and other facilities, and touched on other questions which Mr Bushnan had desired should be referred to me. Bushnan accompanied me to Prince Pless, with whom I held some conversation, another appointment being made for noon on the 31st; but this discussion was postponed, as Prince Pless was summoned to Prince Frederick Charles's headquarters and did not return that night. We received a building for a depôt, and Mr J. C. Bushnan unloaded his waggons into it, I having previously unloaded Mr Schoots's convoy into the military hospital, where the store was all but empty. When the convoy arrived from Arlon, I sent the waggons direct to the military hospitals to unload, as it seemed better to fill the hospitals at once with such things as they required than to stock a depôt and mete out sparingly.

I had no chance as yet of ascertaining the exact number of sick and wounded in the hospitals; it was by one apparently trustworthy account about 17,000, by another 22,000. They had had no bread except wretchedly coarse brown bread, no meat except the flesh of starved horses, scarcely any medicines, for days past.

It is not easy to picture the delight of the chief surgeon at receiving from us a case of medicines. I had arranged for Capel to start at once for Epernay and Nanteuil, but as Prince Pless was anxious to discuss with me the question of supply in the direction of Paris, I detained Capel in Metz for another day, thinking it far better to lose a day and decide definitely after hearing the Prince's opinion than to send him on to act hastily. By the time that he could reach Epernay a quantity of stores would be there, which I had sent by way of Charleville, Rethel, and

Rheims; so that he would not go on empty-handed.

My difficulty at this moment lay in my being so short-handed. Mr Austin Lee, to my great regret, started for England on the 31st, having received an offer of an appointment at home which was too good to be lost. I wrote to Loyd Lindsay that two or three or more such men, — linguists, active, hardy, and willing, — would be invaluable.

Meat began to come in on the 31st, but not till some days later was there any meat but horse for dinner at my hotel. I have reason to know that more than 40,000 horses were eaten during the siege. A few poor beasts were still wandering about dying of starvation. I saw one fall and die on the bridge between the gates of the Porte de France.

As I write this, there lie before me two numbers of the newspaper, 'L'Indépendant

de la Moselle.' The first, dated October 28, 1870, is bordered with black, and contains the proclamation by the Municipal Council of Metz announcing the capitulation which had been signed on the previous day, and below it a short article, "Metz en deuil," that seems to have been written with the very heart's blood of the writer, so poignant is the grief that "Metz la Pucelle verra pour la première fois de sa vie l'ennemi passer sous ses portes, et pénétrer dans ses murs." Then followed a manly proclamation by General Coffinières, in which, after describing how provisions were exhausted, he says, "Nous sommes donc condamnés à succomber, mais ce sera avec honneur, et nous ne serons vaincus que par la faim." And he ends, "Sachons supporter stoïquement cette grande infortune, et conservons le ferme espoir que Metz, cette grande et patriotique cité, restera à la France."

The second number, dated October 31,

contains the proclamation issued on the 30th to the inhabitants by the Prussian Commandant, Lieutenant-General von Kummer, the orders as to the days and hours of the trains by which the French officers are to proceed to their places of captivity in Germany, and a notice that a German postal service had been established from the 30th. It also contains an interesting document, which purports to be an exact reproduction, compiled by several officers, of the official communication made verbally to the French officers by their *chefs* on October 27, announcing that the capitulation had been decided.

It was either on October 31 or November 1, that on the invitation of Marshal Canrobert I lunched with him and his staff at Laronde. It was to me full of tragic interest to see the old Marshal, so familiar a name to all Englishmen from the days of the Crimean War, brave as a lion, adored

by his soldiers, about, after three months of fighting and hardship, to be parted from his men and sent as a prisoner into Germany. Naturally I avoided touching on any topic of the moment which might be painful, and he talked to me more of his old Crimean days, of the Duke of Cambridge, of the Queen, whom he had seen on his visit to England, and of those troops whom more than all others he admired—"les Ig-lan-ders, avec leurs jupes." His staff took me into corners and, with brimming eyes, told me anecdotes of the Marshal's splendid personal bravery. I would not remain long, and when saying good-bye, little thought under what circumstances I should next meet the grand old soldier.

On the following day I had an interview with Prince Pless, and it was arranged that Capel should go on to Château Thierry, on the line between Epernay and Paris, and establish a dépôt there. This dépôt was

subsequently advanced forward to Meaux. As Metz must undoubtedly remain my headquarters for some considerable time, I rented a small house to serve as an office and to house myself and a gentleman whom the Committee had sent me as an accountant. This gentleman, Mr W. J. Tyler, proved to be a very pleasant companion, and his services were a great relief to me; as hitherto, amidst all the labour of organising, I had been obliged to keep my own accounts.

There is little to be said about my time at Metz, where typhus fever and small-pox were raging. There was plenty of work—visiting the French hospitals, arranging to supply needs, and corresponding with the other depôts. The French Société de Secours at Metz paid us the compliment of asking me to distribute their stores for them. I found time, however, to visit the battlefields of Borny, Rézonville, and

Gravelotte, which were still littered with the *débris* of the fight, and where the dead had been buried in the place where they fell, so that from the masses of empty cartridge-cases and the position of the graves it was easy to see where the fighting had been hardest, and to some extent to reconstruct the chief events of the battles. Here I made a small but interesting collection of medals and orders, all of which had doubtless been taken from the bodies of the French dead. I paid a visit, by invitation, to the German lines round Thionville, which was still holding out, where, also by invitation, I visited the advanced posts. I must mention here that, while wearing civilian clothes in Belgium, once inside the French frontier I wore the undress uniform of a Captain of the Royal Artillery, with the National Aid Society's armlet, bearing the Red Cross of Geneva, and stamped by the German and French authorities,

which served as my passport. With this uniform was worn the absurd little gold lace cap in vogue in those days, perched on the right side of the head. At Thionville, in the early morning, I crept with two German officers to the edge of a wood, the German most advanced post, within but a short distance of the French advanced sentries. There was the ping of a bullet, and simultaneously my cap was snatched from my head and I was pulled backwards. With profuse apologies for his conduct, one of the officers explained to me that the fire had been attracted by the glint of the sun on my cap; and as other bullets followed the first, we beat a retreat.

In October we established, in conjunction with the Johanniter, a so-called restaurant at Forbach, a station on the railway between Metz and Saarbrück, where wine, coffee, and food were supplied to the sick Germans who were being sent back in thousands from the

lines round Metz into Germany, and in some cases we exchanged their sodden rags for warm clothing. This continued well on into November, and was of use to the sick and wounded among the French who were being sent as prisoners to Germany. Nothing could exceed the miserable condition of the mass of those who were thus befriended. 19,500 men were helped at this restaurant.

Towards the end of November I went by way of Epernay to Meaux. At Epernay, where Dr Frank, after leaving Balan, had established a hospital, I was the guest of Monsieur Chandon, of the famous firm of Moët & Chandon, to whom I had an introduction from Baron N. de Rothschild. He had a number of German officers billeted upon him, whom he had to provide with meals. I dined alone with him, and he gave me a delicious still wine, which he told me was the natural produce of

their best vineyard before being made into champagne, and on my leaving he kindly presented me with some bottles of it. He took me to see the great bricked-up caves, in which the wine was stored. It is certainly greatly to the credit of the Germans that they left untouched the huge stores of this wine at Epernay, Rheims, and other places in the Champagne districts.

Capel had been obliged to return to England, and the depôt at Meaux was now in charge of Captain Richard Nevill, who had been a captain in the Austrian cavalry and served on the staff in the campaign of 1859 in Italy. He married a daughter of Charles Lever, the famous novelist, and years afterwards I came across him again at Hyderabad, where he was holding a command in the Nizam's army.

In order to consult with Mr Furley, who

was now in charge of the Society's dépôt at Versailles, Nevill and I left Meaux on the 29th, and drove to Lagny. Thence on the following day we started in a carriage on our way to Versailles. As we advanced we heard a sound of heavy firing, both guns and musketry, and presently we were asked by a German staff officer who saw the Red Cross on our carriage if we were doctors, as there was a large number of wounded in need of help. Alas! we had no surgical aid to offer. We halted our carriage and walked in the direction of the firing, when we learnt that the French had made a sortie in great force, and had temporarily possessed themselves of Champigny and Brie, within the German lines. We advanced to the wall of a park, behind which the Germans were posted; but the attack had now died out for the day, and we saw nothing of the fight. I shall

never forget, however, the march into bivouac of the Würtemberg regiment, which had borne the brunt of the day's fighting, leaving great numbers in killed or wounded; how they came past us in the dusk, marching slowly and, it seemed, sadly, but triumphantly singing their national hymn. We drove on to Villeneuve St Georges, which I had last seen a smiling little town, but where we now in vain sought for a decent habitation for the night. It had been abandoned by the French on the advance of the Germans, and every house was more or less a wreck. Doors, window-sashes, and all furniture had been used for firewood; everywhere the ground-floor had been used as a stable. In one of these dismantled dwellings we passed the night, and on the following morning drove on to Versailles. Here we found Furley: and I called upon Colonel Beauchamp Walker, our military attaché; on

Dr W. H. Russell, the correspondent of 'The Times'; and on Lord Odo Russell, our ambassador to the King of Prussia. That evening I spent in Dr Russell's rooms, but we left early, as he was starting at daybreak for Champigny.

The next morning, December 2, I lunched, by command, with the Crown Prince of Prussia. It was an interesting and somewhat dramatic meal. I sat on the Crown Prince's left. On his right was General von Blumenthal, his Chief of the Staff. During the previous day the French had entrenched themselves in the positions gained on the 30th, and a truce had been arranged in order to clear the battlefield of the dead and wounded. The Germans also had strengthened their positions and sent large reinforcements to the threatened points. Early in the morning of the 2nd the Germans opened the attack, and during luncheon despatches were constantly

arriving from the scene of the fighting, which were read aloud by General Blumenthal. As it was not till 5 P.M. that the fighting ceased, the Germans having repulsed the French, the despatches which I heard, though generally favourable, did not record any very marked success.

The Crown Prince expressed his great sympathy with the work in which I was engaged, and spoke to me of his own hatred of war. He assured me that Germany had not entered upon the war with any idea of annexation of territory, but that now the German national feeling on the subject had become so strong that it would be impossible to avoid the annexation of Alsace. I left profoundly impressed with the character of this soldier-prince, who, fresh from the battles on the frontier and with some of his troops engaged in a hard struggle at that very moment, was not ashamed to avow, in the

presence of his whole staff of war-worn soldiers, his hatred of war.

Never shall I forget the bitter cold of those early days of December. The wine in our basket of provisions froze into a solid mass. In the railway carriage in which I returned from Meaux to Metz, the ice of our frozen breath formed thick on the closed window-panes. Though the intense cold doubtless saved the lives of many wounded lying out through the night on the field, by stopping the flow of blood, it is terrible to think of what they must have suffered. But the seven Jew sutlers who were my fellow-passengers, snugly ensconced in their fur coats, were openly expressing the hope that the war would not come to a speedy end. This was indeed the seamy side of war.

During the next two months Metz was my headquarters. At the end of December I paid a short visit to England *viâ* Brussels,

Lille, and Calais. On New Year's night I dined with the French Minister in Brussels, starting by train immediately after dinner. It was a wild stormy night. The next day the Prussians closed the line between Lille and Calais, so we were lucky to get through. The only passengers by the steamer from Calais to Dover were my courier and myself and one other. The whole of the mails were contained in two small bags. There was no other cargo, and the boat tossed about like a walnut shell on the waves. We were three and a half hours doing the twenty miles. I returned by way of Ostend.

I also paid a visit to Mainz, to see with my own eyes the condition of the sick French prisoners at the large camp there established. I was convinced that the Germans were doing all they could for them, but their condition left much to be desired, as there was a great want of warm

clothing. At my suggestion the Society placed a thousand pounds at the disposal of Madame Canrobert, who undertook to employ it in relieving the most pressing needs of the French sick and wounded prisoners. Her letter of thanks lies before me. It begins—

STÜTTGART, 24 *decembre*.

MON CHER CAPITAINE, — Je suis riche pour longtemps. Messieurs Doertenbach m'ont porté ce matin des formidables rouleaux de florins, qui vont rendre bien heureux des malheureux qui ne le sont guère à présent. Pensez si je vous suis reconnaissante. Du fond du cœur je vous en remercie. Vous m'avez rendue bien heureuse, et je ne saurais assez vous le dire.

On the 20th January the old Marshal, then a prisoner of war at Stuttgart, wrote me a letter which ended thus—

Je serais tout heureux, s'il m'était, un jour, permis de me montrer pour vous ou les vôtres aussi parfaitement bon que vous avez pris la peine de l'être pour nous. Je saisis l'occasion, Monsieur le Capitaine, de vous offrir mes sentiments les plus distingués, et les plus dévoués.

M^L. CANROBERT, G.C.B.

At the end of January 1871 I returned to England to resume my duties at Woolwich, and on February 4 made my final report to the Society, of which the following is an extract :—

I enclose you a map showing seventy-six towns and villages round Paris, containing hospitals that have been supplied from our depôt at Meaux with such necessaries and comforts for the sick and wounded, by whom they are filled, as it is morally impossible they could ever have received but for volunteer aid. These villages are almost entirely deserted by the French inhabitants, and the Germans, though doing all they can, are unable to meet the great wants of those numerous hospitals, containing thousands of sick and wounded, too ill to be moved from the beds on which they lie. Our aid, given most impartially to the French and Germans, has saved lives and relieved suffering to an extent difficult to realise.

And it has been very gratefully received. Not only are our fourgons hailed with pleasure by the surgeons in charge of the hospitals, but I have myself been witness of the expression of thanks of high German military authorities and French civilians. The French Mayor of Lagny has had the names of our Meaux staff inscribed in the records of the town. The Mother Superior of the Hôtel Dieu at Lagny told me the wounded in their hospitals must have died but for

us. The Crown Prince of Saxony and the Würtemberger General in Command at Meaux are among those on the German side who have publicly expressed their gratitude.

Now I am very anxious to make known at what cost of personal exertion by our staff the Society's work is carried out, for the large sum of money subscribed by the public by no means represents all that England is doing in this noble cause. I will take Meaux as an example of our dépôts—its staff as an example of the labours freely and ungrudgingly given by our volunteer agents. The dépôt at Meaux is under charge of an English gentleman, a retired captain of Austrian cavalry, whose previous experience of war, on the staff in the campaign of Italy, and whose thorough knowledge of languages peculiarly fit him for the post. Under him are two officers, retired from our own army, a Cambridge Wrangler reading for the Bar, a clerk of the House of Lords, a captain of the London Scottish Volunteers, a banker's clerk, and a medical student, besides business men in charge of the stores. The 23 horses, and their English and Belgian drivers, are under the control of the driver of the Waterloo coach.

In spite of this strange mixture of classes and professions, so well has the staff been selected, that among all those sent out by your Committee—amounting to considerably more than 100 in my district—there has not been one case of dishonesty, and scarcely one failure of any kind. And I must not omit here to speak of the noble self-sacrificing exertions of the

medical staff of our various hospitals, and the English ladies who have acted as nurses.

When authentic requests for supplies are received at the depôt, the stores are sent in our own fourgons, under charge of a member of the staff. The journey is generally from two to six days' duration. The fourgons have been well under fire; the chances of shelter for the night are always doubtful. Mr Hinton was searching for stabling for his horses from four o'clock one afternoon till two o'clock the next morning. Through all that bitter weather of the past two months, our English fourgons showed their Union Jacks everywhere round Paris, with English gentlemen sitting for hours upon the driving-seat, exposed to the piercing cold. In some instances the hardship has caused personal suffering. Mr Sutherland, Mr Jeune, Mr Hinton, Mr Barrington Kennett, Mr Job, have done what Capel used to call our "carters' work" under much exposure and privation, with the most unflinching good humour. It is not to be wondered at that, as Captain Nevill writes, the people who see the work can only slowly believe that it is done without some deep ulterior motive.

I have been grieved to see persistent statements that we have done more for the Germans than the French, and that we have only been relieving the Germans from doing for their own and the French wounded what otherwise they must have done. Both these statements are very wrong, and the last argues entire ignorance of the terrible strain under which Germany is carrying on this war. Germany is making

enormous efforts on behalf of the sick and wounded, but do all she can, she cannot meet the wants. Belgium, Luxembourg, Switzerland, Russia, have all lent a hand to the poor suffering victims, to raise them from their straw to decent beds, to give them the sustenance required to sustain life in bodies drained of blood, to aid by surgical skill the over-taxed exertions of the German surgeons. But I need not say England stands pre-eminently first in this work of charity. In regard to our aid not being given equally to the French, I have often been accused abroad of doing more for them than for the Germans. I have honestly striven to keep the balance even, but the spectacle of destitution and humiliation, mental and bodily suffering which the invaded districts of France afford, compel the sympathies of most men rather towards weak France than towards strong Germany, proud in her consciousness of power. We have done all in our power for the French. Not a tale of sore need has reached my ears but it has been inquired into, and relieved according to its circumstances. And I am bound once more to speak of the frank gratitude with which France has accepted our help. Were it necessary I could call up an overwhelming array of evidence to show how much we have done for the French side. I have never asked for testimonials or an expression of thanks; and you know in what manner the French Government has desired to show, through me, its appreciation of our Society's efforts. There is not a Frenchman in the north of France who would not repudiate the

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idea of our Society having failed in its duty to his country.¹

¹ From the lists in the Society's Report on the war it appears that there were working in my district—

34 Surgeons.
20 Dressers.
5 Chiefs of depôts.
14 Storekeepers.
10 Convoy agents.
2 On special service.
3 Transit agents.
2 Clerks.
1 Secretary, paymaster, and accountant.
1 Superintendent of hospital orderlies.
20 Lady nurses.
12 Commissionaires.
<hr/> 124 Total staff.

From the audited accounts it appears that the money which passed through my hands was £30,033, 8s. 8d., which was thus expended—

Transport	£5,565	0	4
Food	6,671	18	0
Medical stores	1,207	6	8
Surgical instruments	18	18	0
Clothing and bedding	298	18	6
Staff allowances and expenses	7,331	16	6
Money grants	6,552	19	0
Postage and telegrams	79	5	9
Buildings	649	6	9
Miscellaneous	1,657	19	2
	<hr/> £30,033	8	8

And it is to be remembered that the cost of transport and agency includes the cost of distributing the enormous amount of stores and medical comforts sent out to us by the Society from home.

On my return to England Loyd-Lindsay handed me the following letter:—

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR AID TO THE SICK AND
WOUNDED IN WAR.

9 ST MARTIN'S PLACE,
LONDON, W.C., *4th February 1871.*

MY DEAR BRACKENBURY,—The leave of absence granted you by the War Office having expired, you have returned to this country to recommence your duties at Woolwich. The Central Committee of this Society desire me to express to you their regret at the severance of an official connection which has lasted for five months, during which time you acted as their representative abroad with the utmost zeal and self-devotion, combined with great practical ability in the administration of a noble Charity springing out of the benevolence of Englishmen excited by the suffering arising from the present war.

For such exertions the Committee desire to tender you their grateful acknowledgment, and while so doing they must not omit to recognise the zeal, ability, and energy with which the staff working under you have seconded your efforts.

To this expression of thanks on the part of the Committee allow me to add my own for your constant attention and courtesy displayed in all your dealings with the Society at home.—Believe me, yours faithfully,

R. LOYD-LINDSAY,
Lt.-Col. and Chairman of Committee.

My relations with Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, the leading spirit of this great national movement, grew and ripened into a close friendship, which I look back upon as one of the greatest pleasures of my life. Of that friendship and of his noble character I have already written in an article that was published in 'Maga' in February 1898, under the title "Lord Wantage, V.C., K.C.B."

In my report I spoke of the manner in which the French Government had desired to show through me its appreciation of the Society's efforts. On my way home M. Tachard had informed me that the French Government of National Defence had made me an officer of the Legion of Honour, and the original decree, dated Bordeaux, January 25, 1871, was sent to me officially through the Horse Guards on March 4. The document runs thus—

LE GOUVERNEMENT DE LA DÉFENSE NATIONALE.

Vu les services rendus sur divers champs de bataille par le Capitaine de l'Artillerie Royale Anglaise, Mr Henry Brackenbury en tête des ambulances qu'il a lui-même organisées et les soins courageux qu'il a prodigués à nos soldats blessés, pendant le siège de Metz.

Voulant donner à ce dévouement si fraternel une marque publique de reconnaissance, en même temps qu'une récompense à son intrépidité.

Décète.

Article Ier. Le Capitaine Henry Brackenbury, de l'artillerie Royale Anglaise, est élevé au Grade d'Officier de la Légion d'Honneur.

Article II. Le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères est Chargé de l'exécution du present Décret.

Fait à Bordeaux le 25 janvier mil-huit-cent-soixante et onze.

Ad. CRÉMIEUX,

Par délégation du membre du gouvernement, Ministre de l'interieur et de la guerre.

Ad. CRÉMIEUX.

L. FOURICHON.

GLAIS BIZOIN.

In February the King of Bavaria did me the honour to confer upon me the order of St Michael (Ritter Kreuz of the 1st class),

and the Brevet and a highly complimentary letter, together with the decoration, were sent to me through Lord Odo Russell, who thus wrote to me from Windsor Castle on March 15—

I sent you the Bavarian parcel by Mr John Furley, and hear you have received it. The Crown Prince wishes to give you the Iron Cross, if you can obtain leave to wear it, not otherwise. Do you wish me to make the application for you? I hope it will not be refused, but I cannot answer for a favourable result. Please write me a line to the Foreign Office.—Yours sincerely,

ODO RUSSELL.

Later in the month he wrote: "All my efforts have failed; the Regulations are against you." The line taken by the Foreign Office was that as I was not in the execution of any duty imposed upon me by H.M. Government, I could not be recommended for permission to accept and wear the Iron Cross. A similar decision had already been conveyed to me privately by Lord Granville's private

secretary as regarded the Legion of Honour; and, of course, equally applied to the Bavarian Order of St Michael.

There were others in the same position as myself, and on August 12 Mr Eastwick, M.P., raised the question in the House of Commons on the motion that the House go into Committee of Supply, and moved that the orders be so revised as to admit of British subjects accepting and wearing foreign decorations given as rewards for services rendered to the sick and wounded in the field during war under the Convention of Geneva, when such services have been performed with the permission of H.M. Government. Lord Enfield, Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, opposed the motion, which was supported by Sir John Pakington, Colonel Anson, and others. On the division Mr Eastwick's amendment was carried by a majority of one; but before the amendment could be put as a substantive motion, Mr

Gladstone interposed, and said he must take the sense of the House again, as he objected to a representation being made to the Crown on an isolated point of the Regulations : and on the amendment being put as an original motion, it was defeated by a majority of eleven, five of those who had voted in its favour turning round and voting the other way, and two abstaining.

At a following sitting Mr Gladstone undertook that the Foreign Secretary should look carefully into the matter and see whether the rules could be modified to the public advantage. But of course nothing was ever done, and permission was never given me to accept or wear the orders.

Long before this debate I had received, through our Ambassador to Germany, the Bavarian Order of St Michael ; within a fortnight of the debate I received the Iron Cross, with a document from Prince

Pless, direct from the German Military attaché in London; and on September 25, I received the Cross of an Officer of the Legion of Honour and the Brevet direct from the Grand Chancellor of the Order. It was not till eight years later that I received from the German Ambassador in London the Diploma of the Iron Cross signed by the Emperor William. I also received the bronze cross of the French Société de Secours, and the cross of an Honorary Associate of our own Order of St John.

Shortly after my return to England I was invited as representative of the National Aid Society to a dinner given by the medical profession of London to some French surgeons and physicians, chief among whom was the famous Dr Ricord who had done great work in organising and maintaining ambulances during the Siege of Paris. The toast

of the National Aid Society was proposed by Sir James Paget, one of the most graceful speakers I have ever heard. Sir James Fergusson, President of the College of Surgeons, who was in the chair, proposed the health of Dr Ricord, and in doing so alluded to his youthful appearance. In his reply Dr Ricord, speaking in English, said: "I suppose I must look young, for one gentleman this evening told me he had met my father thirty or forty years ago, and I was obliged to tell him I was my own father."

CHAPTER IV.

Interview with the Empress Eugénie—Outbreak of the Commune—Start for St Germain—Obtain a pass—Escort Marshal Canrobert to Versailles—Lord Lyons under fire—The taking of the bridge of Neuilly—A baptism of sand—Arc de Triomphe—Shell fire—Children under fire—Enter Paris—Lunch at the Trois Frères—The Champs Elysées—A Communist General—The Universal Republic—Ascend the dome of the Invalides—An anxious hour—Return to St Germain—The plateau of Chatillon—A hot bombardment—An uncomfortable walk home—A farewell dinner-party—Letter to ‘The Times’—Interview with the Emperor Napoleon III.—A pamphlet by the Emperor—My French book on the war—Bazaine’s conduct—Trial of Bazaine ordered—Suppress my book—Lecture to Volunteer officers—Lectures to H.R.H. Prince Arthur—Proposed Military Quarterly Review—Lecture on Tactics at the United Service Institution—Tour in Bohemia—Volunteer for the Ashanti campaign—End of my connection with the Royal Military Academy.

SHORTLY after my return to Woolwich at the beginning of February 1871 I

received a message from the Empress Eugénie that she would like to see me at Chiselhurst. I went there, and was received by her in a small boudoir. We were alone together. I had last seen her seated beside the Emperor in all her beauty and pride of state, and was saddened by the change which anxiety and grief had wrought in her. She bade me sit on a low ottoman almost at her feet, and asked me about people from whom she had heard of me, especially about Marshal Canrobert and his wife, the one brave woman, she said, who had counselled her remaining in Paris. She talked to me of that time when the news of the tragedy of Sedan had arrived, of Trochu and the promises he had made, and of the Paris mob. "I am only a woman," she said, "and I had the fate of Marie Antoinette in mind." She was much moved, and I not less so. Of the Emperor, who was still a prisoner of

war at Wilhelmshöhe, she said, "History will yet give him the credit of having maintained order in France for twenty years."

Six weeks had scarcely passed when the startling news arrived that in Paris the troops who had been sent on March 18 to bring away from Montmartre the cannon of which the National Guard had possessed itself, had fraternised with the National Guard, that General Thomas and General Lecomte had been murdered, and that M. Thiers had removed the seat of government to Versailles. That evening the insurrection was master of Paris, abandoned by Government and troops; the entire *enceinte* of the fortifications and all the outer forts on the left bank of the Seine, except Mont Valérien, were in its hands; the Government of Versailles was holding Mont Valérien and the lines thrown up by the Germans on the left

bank of the Seine; while the Germans occupied the forts and suburbs on the right bank.

The situation was full of interest for a soldier, and I determined to take advantage of the short Easter vacation to see it with my own eyes. The moment I was at liberty I started with a Swiss courier, and arrived at St Germain on April 4. The following morning I called on Lord Lyons, our Ambassador to France, who was at Versailles, and asked him if he would help me to obtain facilities to see the military operations which must be undertaken for the recapture of Paris. He wrote on my behalf to Comte Clermont Tonnerre, who sent me on to the military authorities. I was most kindly received, and obtained a pass, of which, as I believe it to be a unique document, I append a copy :—

ARMÉE DE PARIS,
LE GÉNÉRAL COMMANDANT EN CHEF.

5 avril 1871.

PERMIS DE CIRCULATION.

Monsieur le Capitaine Brackenbury de l'Artillerie Anglaise est autorisé à circular librement dans les lignes françaises, et à assister aux opérations militaires.

VERSAILLES, le 5 avril 1871.

*Le Général Commandant en Chef
l'armée de Paris,*
VINOY.

*Le Chef d'état Major
Général de l'armée de Versailles,*
BOREL.

At this time the French army at Versailles was gaining strength by the return of the prisoners of war from Germany, both officers and men. Marshal Canrobert was at Brussels, anxious to come to Versailles, and we arranged that he should travel by a train which would bring him to St Denis after dark, and that I should meet him there with a carriage and escort him to Versailles. He arrived at the hour appointed, and we made the journey in safety and without any *contretemps*.

There never was a man more completely free from nervousness than he was; but at this time the Communists were holding the bridge at Neuilly; the French army had not been considered strong enough to do more than hold its own; the Maréchal would have had but short shrift if he had fallen into the hands of the Communists, and he agreed with my suggestion that our drive should be taken at night, and that our route should lead us as far as possible from the Communists' outposts.

I took up my quarters at St Germain, at that famous hotel, the Pavillon Henri IV. Business in Paris being at a standstill, and neither carriages nor horses being safe from requisitions by the Commune, Versailles and St Germain were overstocked with them, and it was easy to hire cheaply a light waggonette, in which I used to drive myself to points that appeared to be out of the danger zone, and then, leaving the carriage in charge

of the courier, walk on to the place selected for my day's point of observation. There was always a good deal of outpost firing going on, and at times a good deal of shell fire. One day Lord Lyons was persuaded to visit Meudon, whence there was an extended view over the level ground on which the outposts were posted. He was looking from the window of an empty house, when a shell fell and burst in the garden below. Then he said quietly, "Perhaps I had better retire. It would be a diplomatic blunder if Her Majesty's Ambassador were to be killed."

The one and only offensive effort by the Communists had been made on Sunday, April 2, before my arrival, and had failed. From that time forward they acted strictly on the defensive. The Versailles troops advanced slowly but steadily. Courbevoie was taken after a hard resistance. I visited it the next day, when the Communists were still holding the bridge of Neuilly, and the

bullets were flying fast. The next step was the taking of the bridge of Neuilly. No hint had reached me that this attack was to be made on that day, so I missed my chance of seeing the fight, which was very severe. Twenty-two officers (including two generals killed) were killed or wounded in the attack by the fire from the houses on the Paris bank. Of those two generals, I had seen one the morning after my entry into Metz. I had brought him news of his family and a message from his young wife that she had borne him a child and was well, and I shall never forget his emotion. His regiment (he was only a colonel at Metz) was engaged in the hottest fight at the battles of Rézonville and Gravelotte, and he fell at Neuilly by the hands of his own countrymen.

The morning after the action I went to Neuilly. A large force was concealed in the houses on the Versailles side of the river. Having found the headquarters of their commander, I presented my pass, and

sked permission to cross the bridge. This was refused, as the bridge was being swept by fire from a Communist battery at the Porte Maillot and another at the Arc de Triomphe; but a young staff officer accompanied me across the river in a boat and conducted me to the barricade at the Paris end of the bridge, behind which a battery of field guns was established. There we found the general in command. He bade me welcome, and while he was explaining to me how far his men were advanced in the houses of the Avenue de Neuilly, a shell from the Porte Maillot burst in the sandbags of the barricade, smothering us in sand. He laughed, clapped me on the back, and said, "Nous avons reçu nôtre baptême de sable ensemble."

I remained some time in the battery, watching the small skirmishing which took place when some adventurous spirits on either side would break cover and come out into the open. The shells from the

Communist batteries were passing over our heads, and one of them struck and burst in a waggon full of biscuit which had been abandoned in the middle of the bridge, sending up a fountain of biscuit, some of which fell in our battery, and was promptly seized by the men. Our battery also was in action, and while watching with my field-glasses I saw one of its shells strike the Arc de Triomphe. I expressed to the general my hope that they would be able to spare the monument which commemorated the valour of their own army, and which the Prussians had left intact. But it was not to be, and amongst my souvenirs of that time is a photograph taken later of the famous arch, starred and pitted with the marks of French shells.

Early on the following morning two great friends, Colonel the Hon. Augustus Anson, M.P., and Colonel Valentine Baker, called on me at my hotel, both anxious to see all that could be seen of the fighting.

I ordered my carriage, and told my courier to come with me: he had remained with it in a safe sheltered place on the previous day during my visit across the river, but to-day he flatly refused to come. He said he was not engaged to "go into danger," that he had a wife and family, and that while he would obey me in all else, he would not risk being killed. So we started without him, and on arrival at the place where the carriage had halted on the previous day, fortunately found a man willing to mind the horse. We found the staff officer who had crossed the river with me the day before, but he positively though politely refused to allow my friends to cross. All we could do was to walk down to the river bank, where we leaned upon the stone parapet, some three feet high, which is, in fact, part of the parapet of the long bridge, carried for a short distance along the river bank on either side. Scarcely had we got there when a heavy fire was opened by the

Communist batteries, with the evident intention of bombarding the houses behind us in which the French reserves were sheltered. Shells fell in the river in front of us, others passed over our heads and struck the buildings behind. We stooped under the cover of the low parapet when we heard a shell coming, and on one occasion as we did so saw two small boys, aged about ten and twelve, come out and play in a street which ran back just behind where we were stationed. Another whizz of a shell, the two boys threw themselves down in the road, and the shell burst, as we thought, right on their heads. They jumped up unhurt, picked up some fragments of the shell which had rebounded from the walls, and ran with them to us, offering to sell them. As we talked, they kept tossing the fragments from hand to hand, or throwing them down and picking them up again, as they were too hot to be held continuously in their hands. No

better example could be given of the way in which constant exposure to any form of danger deadens the sense of fear of that danger. These urchins had gone through the siege by the Germans, and the previous days' fighting at Neuilly, and they had no fear. Presently Augustus Anson said, "As I have got the Victoria Cross, I move that we retire."

On our way home, we agreed that we would endeavour to get into Paris and see its condition with our own eyes. And so on the following morning we boarded one of the small river passenger steamers (*mouches*) which continued running, and disembarked at St Denis. There we took tickets at the railway station, and entered a train of the Northern Railway, which deposited us safely at the Gare du Nord. No one interfered with us, or asked us any questions. It need scarcely be said that I had left behind me my Versailles army pass. We took up our abode at the Hôtel

Chatham, where we found some English newspaper correspondents.

We lunched in the Palais Royal, at that famous restaurant "Les Trois Frères Provençaux," where we had every luxury of the table. We were at first alone, but presently a couple came in—and such a couple. A little sous-officier of the National Guard in uniform, with a woman, evidently one of the lowest of the low. They ordered a sumptuous meal, and the little man produced a handful of gold to show that he could pay. We wondered where it came from. After lunch we walked through the deserted Palais Royal, where almost every shop was closed, into the deserted streets. We went to the Place Vendôme, where we saw the shattered column lying prone on the ground. Then we strolled on till we got to the Place de la Concorde. On arrival there, we found quite a number of people looking up the Champs Elysées watching the bursting of

the shells; farther up, towards the Rond Point, there was a smaller number, and farther still a few isolated units. It was like the breaking of a wave—a wave of fear. We walked on, and passed the Rond Point without being stopped. But when we had got a little farther, we found sentries posted on the pavement at the corners of the side streets. The first of these, evidently an old soldier, asked us where we were going, and told us we could not pass farther. He entered into conversation with us, during which a mounted Communist officer, very much bedizened with embroidery, and followed by a mounted orderly, came cantering up. A shell burst some fifty yards in front of him, when he halted; and our sentry, resting his rifle between his knees, formed a trumpet with his hands and shouted “Don’t be afraid, General, go on.” But the officer thought the better part of valour was discretion, and turned up a side

street. Then our sentry let his tongue loose, and told us what he thought of the officer and his embroidery and his cowardice in a few words that were more expressive than polite.

We were most anxious to get to the battery at the Arc de Triomphe, wanting to see the guns whose fire we had been under on the previous day; but our sentry, who was now on friendly terms with us, said he must forbid our walking farther up the Champs Elysées, advising us to try the side streets and work round by them. This we tried, but at each corner we were turned back. It is just as well that we failed. A friend and former brother officer of mine was, one day when walking in the street, ordered to shoulder a rifle and go down to the outposts. He pleaded his English nationality, but was told "There is no more any question of nationality; it is the Universal Republic." And he

had to go or be shot. And suppose that we three English officers had been ordered, on peril of our lives, to assist working the guns of that battery against the French troops, our comrades of yesterday!

That night we heard very heavy and continuous artillery fire, and the following morning, when we went out, we found the streets placarded with huge sheets describing how the Versailles army had attacked and been beaten back with heavy slaughter, the ground being covered with their dead. We had not much faith in the truth of the placards, which, as a matter of fact, contained only pure invention; but how were we to find out anything? The idea struck me that if we could get to the top of the dome of the "Invalides" we should have a very extended view. Dr Quesnoy, the chief surgeon of the Invalides, had been with the army of Metz, and I had met

him when breakfasting with Marshal Canrobert at Laronde the day after the capitulation. We went to the Invalides, and found Dr Quesnoy. He took us to the guard, explained to them who we were, said that he knew me well, and asked if we might go up the dome. Permission was given; we mounted that long staircase, and on arrival at the top our conductor unlocked the door leading to the outer gallery, ushered us out, then promptly shut the door again, locked it, and went down the stairs. We looked at each other, but we could only make the best of it. Baker had a good telescope, Anson and I had our field-glasses; we searched the whole ground with them up to the Versailles outposts. There was not a sign of anything abnormal. All was as usual. The puff of a rifle here and there from the outposts, an occasional shot from the forts. We got tired of standing in this gallery, high above

the world, and we wanted to leave. But the door was locked. In vain we shouted, and hammered at the door. More than an hour had passed, and we had resolved to wait in patience, trusting that Quesnoy would prevent our being left there to starve to death, when we heard a step on the stairs. The door was thrown open, and our conductor appeared with a smiling face. He hoped *ces Messieurs* had enjoyed the view. He had gone down to his dinner, and thought we should be safer if he locked us in. He was *bon garçon*, but some of his comrades might not have been so friendly. We could well believe it; for on our way we had passed a Belleville battalion on the march, many of whom had faces that still haunted us like a nightmare. He refused our offered tip, saying he was doing his duty and could take no present. We descended, and informed Dr Quesnoy, who said he had begun to be anxious

about us and was just starting to make inquiries of the guard.

From what we heard that evening Baker and I arrived at the conclusion that by staying in Paris we were running a risk which, as officers on full pay, we ought not to prolong ; so on the following morning, leaving Anson, who, retired from the army and a Member of Parliament, did not share our scruples, to visit the leaders of the Commune at the Hôtel de Ville, we went to the British Embassy, where we found Mr (afterwards Right Honourable Sir) Edward Malet, who was in charge. From him we obtained passports for England. At the Gare du Nord we were challenged by a Communist sentry, who asked for our papers. We produced our passports, which he examined. When he found that we were English he became quite friendly, and we conversed while waiting for our train. He asked us what the English thought of

the Commune, and Baker wisely replied that the movement was not properly understood in our country, inviting him to explain it to us. Before he said many words we heard the welcome call of "Voyageurs pour St Denis," &c. &c. Our friend shook hands with us and wished us *bon voyage*. We parted at St Denis, Baker going on to England, and I returning to St Germain.

Next day I went to army headquarters and saw General Borel, telling him that, while they had kindly given me a pass to see the military operations, I had missed the attack on Courbevoie and the taking of the bridge of Neuilly through want of information, and that it would be a great kindness to me if he would indicate in what direction I should now turn my attention. He said that they had been obliged to wait till they could get heavy guns to bombard the forts, that these had now arrived and were being mounted, and that if I went

to the plateau of Chatillon I should probably see what would be of interest to me as an artilleryman. Only two or three days of my vacation remained, so that afternoon I drove to Chatillon. As usual the shells were falling at uncertain intervals on the plateau, and it was a long walk from my carriage to the batteries, which had been built by the Germans and were now to be used by the French. In one of these I found a group of artillery officers, who explained to me their dispositions for the bombardment of forts Issy and Vanves. The colonel in command told me that the bombardment would commence on the following morning, and said that if I would return in the forenoon he hoped to be able to show me some results.

The following morning I drove to the plateau. As I neared it the sound of bursting shells showed me that the forts had certainly not been silenced. Leaving

my carriage I walked to the front. Before I had gone far I met an officer escorting back a stretcher on which lay the colonel, severely wounded. They advised me not to go to the battery where I had been on the previous day, as the forts had concentrated their fire on it and dismounted the guns, but to go to one of the other batteries on the right flank of the attack. I followed this advice, and soon got into one of the old German approach trenches, which led me into a battery. But what a battery! The two left guns lying on the ground with broken carriages, and no one visible but one look-out man, standing with his head just above the parapet, and calling "À nous" each time that a shell was coming at the battery. In one of the splinter-proof traverses I found the officer commanding, Captain Strappart, who at once insisted on leaving his shelter and doing the honours of his battery.

And here it must be explained that whereas the Germans had high overbank carriages for their siege guns, and were thus able to conceal the carriages and gun detachments behind a continuous solid parapet, the French had only old-fashioned low siege-carriages, and had therefore been compelled to cut embrasures in the parapet. Captain Strappart told me that the Communist gunners in the forts had concentrated their fire on his embrasures one after the other in succession, and had thus wiped out two of his guns. The fort guns fired so much heavier metal than he could reply with, that he had masked all his embrasures with gabions and ordered his men under cover. While we were speaking, shells were striking the parapet, or passing over our heads, and then one struck the gabions in the third embrasure and sent them flying. Men were at once called out to replace the gabions. I was standing with my back

to the parapet, close to the gun, and the captain was standing beside me, but farther from the gun, when another shell came through the embrasure and burst on the wheel nearest to me. For a moment I was stunned, and believed that I had received a violent blow on the right ear. Captain Strappart was struck on the left thigh by a splinter—fortunately not a serious wound—and some of the detachment were killed and wounded, one poor fellow being completely cut in two at the waist. The gun fell over within a few inches of my foot. With perfect coolness officers and men resumed the placing of the gabions to mask the embrasure, and when the task was completed, the sergeant in charge of the gun offered me the knife of the poor fellow who had been cut in two, as a souvenir.

They urged me not to leave before nightfall, saying that the approaches, which had fallen into decay since the Germans aban-

doned them, offered but little shelter, and that their own orders were not to use them in daylight; but my face was swollen and painful, and I shook hands and started. I was alone, and had my back to the enemy; fragments of shells were whizzing by and striking all round; and never in my life have I experienced so uncomfortable a feeling. At last I reached the place where I had left my carriage; but not a sign of it was to be seen. At least a mile farther had to be walked before finding it, and in answer to my inquiries my courier told me the old story about his wife and family over again, but this time he had also considered the safety of the horse and carriage.

That evening at dinner I discovered that I was deaf in the right ear. A few days later an abscess burst in it and relieved me; but that ear has never since served me quite as well as the other.

My time was up, and I had to return

home. It had been an extraordinary ten days' experience, of which that last day was a typical example. I had driven from my comfortable hotel, on a lovely spring morning, through woods clothed in young green and carpeted with lilies of the valley, into that scene of strife and slaughter. In the late afternoon I drove home through the same smiling woods, to dress for a dinner-party, to which I had been bidden for the eve of my departure, in one of the *cabinets* on the terrace of the Pavillon Henri IV. We talked on every subject except the one that must have been uppermost in all our minds. We dined to the accompaniment of the boom of heavy guns, and from the window we looked down upon Paris, the home of the Communists.

I had seen men and women working in the fields with the shells falling among them,—those children of whom I have already spoken sent out to play in the

streets at Neuilly. At Meudon I had seen ladies and young girls sit at their door working, while one read aloud to the others, amid the shells bursting in their own and the neighbouring gardens. It seemed to be the fulfilment of the prophecy of "domestic fury and fierce civil strife" which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Antony over the body of the murdered Cæsar—

"Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar grown
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered by the hand of war ;
All pity choked in custom of fell deeds."

From Paris I had written a long letter to 'The Times' to which prominence was given in the number of April 17. The following extract shows what had mostly impressed me in Paris :—

No more painful sight can be imagined than that which Paris now presents, in a handful of armed ruffians terrorising a whole population. A battalion marches

down to the Boulevards, composed of those dregs of the gutter who are only stirred to the surface in the days of revolution, men whose faces are such as the imagination has scarcely conceived—countenances that seem to be the creation of a nightmare of a Fuseli: the pavement is crowded with men who belong to the Party of Order, as it is called, which outnumbers the entire National Guard, and exceeds tenfold that portion of the National Guard which rules the rest. They shrug their shoulders, grumble, and turn back to look at Punch, or performing rats. They say, forsooth, that it is Admiral Saisset's fault; that they have their arms, but that he *manquait son affaire*, and so they have no leaders. No leaders! What, not one man among 100,000 who will deliver Paris from this hideous slavery, and restore to life her who is now worse than a city of the dead! One may still find oysters and truffles for dinner at the Trois Frères, may see a comedy of Molière's well played at the Français, or a farce at the Gymnase; but among all the gourmets of Paris, or the able-bodied men who crowd the theatres, it seems as if there could not be found the courage of a man, or a spark of the spirit of duty. Communication between Paris and Versailles is practically free; there is no restriction on the passage of women, old men, children, or foreigners in and out by St Denis, and yet the Party of Order cannot concert a movement simultaneously with the troops of Versailles. It is monstrous.

Again I returned to Woolwich, and a few days later was invited by the Emperor

Napoleon III. to call on him at Chiselhurst. I found him playing "Patience," and begged him to finish his game, which he did while I looked on. Then we had quite a long conversation. He commenced by speaking of Sedan, and we discussed the strategy of MacMahon's march in as quiet a manner as though it had only been a *Kriegspiel*, and not a move on which his own destinies had hung. He talked to me about my friends in the French army, and then turned to the subject of my own studies. He was greatly interested in my researches into the early history of artillery, and I told him how deeply indebted I had been to his work '*Études sur le Passé et l'Avenir de l'Artillerie*,' the best book in existence on the antiquarian side of the subject. When my interview was over, as I bowed myself out of the door, I saw him take up the cards again.

In June of the following year I received

from Dulau & Co., the foreign booksellers of Soho Square, a memorandum saying that they had been requested to send me a new *brochure* by the Emperor, with his autograph, published under Comte de la Chapelle's name. The pamphlet is entitled 'Les Forces militaires de la France,' par le Comte de la Chapelle; it was published in Paris by Amyot, and my copy bears on the title-page, in the Emperor's handwriting, the words "À. M. le Capitaine Brackenbury de la part de l'Empereur Napoléon, Camden Place, le 1 juin 1872."

The exciting episode of the Commune was at an end, and I had resumed my official duties, which, though thoroughly congenial to me, were not sufficient to absorb my whole energies. My connection with the press, which had previously entirely occupied my leisure hours, had been compulsorily severed, and I was rather at a loss for occupation for my

spare time. So I commenced making a collection of books and pamphlets on the war by French officers, with a view to obtaining fuller light upon the operations of the French army. In the summer vacation I again visited the battlefields of the earlier portion of the Franco-German war — Weissembourg, Spicheren, Woerth, Borny, Rézonville, Gravelotte, Sedan, and spent some time in and round Paris.

I then decided to write a book for French readers, analysing the French conduct of the war down to the capitulation of Metz. This book I arranged with Lachaud, the publisher of the Place du Théâtre Français, to bring out under the title, 'Les Maréchaux de France, Étude de leur Conduite de la Guerre en 1870.' The preparation of the book occupied every moment of my spare time throughout the autumn and winter. When commencing it I was under the firm belief that Bazaine had done his

best according to his lights to break out of Metz. It is true that among the French officers whom I had met in the "Division" that memorable morning after the capitulation of Metz a feeling was evident that their army had not been beaten but betrayed. In the town the same feeling was strongly expressed, and Bazaine was universally accused of ignorance, of incapacity, and of treason. But at Marshal Canrobert's headquarters, freely as his staff had spoken to me, no hint or suggestion of the kind had been conveyed. It was incredible to me that a marshal of the French Empire should have betrayed his trust, and bearing in mind how common is this accusation of treason after a national defeat, I was confident that my close study of detail would enable me to prove that whatever might have been his faults of strategy or of tactics, Bazaine was at least an honest man.

But as the facts developed themselves before me, it was borne in upon me by the evidence that Bazaine had betrayed his trust, not for money, or to help the Germans, but for the reason which follows. On August 16 the Emperor, under whose direct command Bazaine had chafed and fretted, left the army of Metz, and Bazaine determined that he would not again come under his command. He had previously been intriguing to obtain the chief command, and his exclamation when the Emperor left, "Me voilà donc enfin débarassé de lui," expressed the full measure of his content. If he had continued the march on Verdun on that day he would have come under the Emperor again. The proofs were irresistible that from that moment, although he professed his desire to rejoin the Emperor, his one object was to avoid doing so.

The most damning fact to my mind was

this. It appeared to me to be clearly and distinctly proved that on August 23 Bazaine received a despatch from MacMahon saying, "I am at Rheims, marching towards Montmédy. The day after to-morrow I shall be on the Aisne, whence I shall operate, according to circumstances, to come to your relief." He concealed the receipt of this. On the 26th he assembled the Commandants of Army Corps to consult them on the situation, and he never mentioned this despatch; but he laid before them reasons why it was not desirable to make any effort to break through the enemy's lines, and they accepted this view. It was not till the 30th, when the news of MacMahon's march had reached the troops through some of the many sources of information from outside, that he made MacMahon's despatch known, saying he had only received it that day. The copy which he showed had only reached him that day,

but many copies had been sent, and the first had reached him on the 23rd, having been telegraphed to Thionville, and thence sent by an officer who made his way through the German lines.

I was staggered at this evidence; I ran over to Paris, and asked Marshal Canrobert to tell me what he believed to be the truth. "All I can tell you," said the loyal old soldier, "is this. When I met Marshal Bazaine at Cassel, in Germany, I said to him, Before I can shake hands with you, I must ask you this question: 'Did you, *comme on prétend*, receive MacMahon's despatch from Rheims on the 23rd?' 'No; I received it on the 30th, and communicated it to you at once,' was his reply. I asked him the same question again later in Paris, and received the same reply."

What was, then, in Bazaine's mind? Did he foresee the catastrophe of Sedan, and know that it would leave him the one

General, the commander of the one army of France? If so, his calculations failed. There is ample evidence that he believed Paris would offer no serious resistance; but Paris held out, and he and his army were the first to succumb.

When once this leading idea of Bazaine's determination not to rejoin the Emperor had penetrated my mind, much that had hitherto seemed obscure became clear. I tore up a great part of what I had written, and rewrote the manuscript relating to the army of Metz from the date of August 16. Alas! it formed a terrible indictment, proved step by step from the evidence.

The book was in print, and was on the point of publication, when the telegraph announced to me that Bazaine was to be tried. Without hesitation, I wrote at once to Mr Sheffield, Lord Lyons' Private Secretary in Paris, and told him exactly how I stood, saying that I felt bound at this

critical moment to suppress the book. The matter of Bazaine's conduct was now *sub judice*, and I could not reconcile it to my conscience to make public this strong indictment. I asked Sheffield to get the Embassy lawyer to see Lachaud and get the book suppressed. This was done. Lachaud said he expected a large sale, and only agreed to suppress the book on condition that I would pay him the sum he would have received had the whole edition been sold. I sent a cheque for the money; the Embassy lawyer, Mr Maugham, reserving a few copies for me, had the whole of the remainder destroyed.¹ Mr Maugham most generously refused to accept any payment for his time and trouble.

Of the few copies which I retained, I sent one to Sir Lintorn Simmons, my immediate chief at Woolwich, and later,

¹ Except one copy, which had already been sent to the 'République Française' and reviewed in that journal.

after Bazaine's trial and condemnation, I sent one to the Emperor, one to Marshal Canrobert, and one to the Staff College Library. Another was afterwards sent, at the request of the German military attaché, to the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor Frederick. I still have two in my own possession, and as far as I know no other copies exist. It is rather sad to think that all the results of my elaborate studies of that war lie buried in the grave of this still-born book.

The year 1872 was until the winter a comparatively idle one, so far as the employment of my spare time was concerned. I spent part of the summer vacation visiting some of the later Italian battle-fields, and the remainder in travelling for pleasure in the Bavarian Tyrol, the Italian lakes, and Venice. I attended for a few days manœuvres on Salisbury Plain, as the guest of Colonel Valentine Baker,

whose tent I shared; and I lectured at the United Service Institution to Volunteer Officers on "Defensive Positions," my object being to show that successful defence depended not so much on the natural advantages of a position, as on the courage and, above all, the discipline of its defenders. The usual vote of thanks to the lecturer was proposed by Sir Frederick Leighton, the Colonel of the Artists' Corps, and a keen volunteer.

In the first week of November I received a letter from Sir Howard Elphinstone, Comptroller of the Household of his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, then an officer of the Rifle Brigade, quartered at Dover, saying that H.R.H. had desired him to ascertain whether I had the leisure and the inclination to assist him in the study of Military History, that the Prince considered it a most important subject which he was anxious to pursue, and sug-

gested that I should impart the knowledge he wished to acquire in the form of lectures. Sir Lintorn Simmons quite approved, and I delivered a course of lectures to his Royal Highness at Dover in a large room on the ground-floor of the Lord Warden Hotel. A large number of the officers of the garrison attended these lectures at his Royal Highness's invitation, and it was a most interesting audience to address. In a letter dated January 3, 1873, Sir Howard wrote to me: "It will be gratifying to you to know that Her Majesty was much pleased to hear that the lectures had been so successful, and had so deeply interested the Prince." His Royal Highness kindly invited me to dine and sleep at his house on the days of the lectures, and at their conclusion presented me with a handsome silver parcel-gilt jug, a copy from a design by Cellini, with an inscription.

In December 1872 two meetings were held in London for the purpose of promoting the publication of a military periodical. A society was formed, of which eighteen officers, all capable writers, were the original members. It was decided to establish a "Military Quarterly Review"; Captain J. W. Hozier was appointed editor, and a sub-committee of four, of which I was a member, was appointed to assist the editor. Every member of the society was pledged to contribute, if called upon by the editor, one article per annum. So far as I can recollect, the scheme never bore fruit. When I look at the list of members and see how thoroughly they represented the party of progress in every branch of the service, and how much literary ability their ranks contained, I am convinced they might have had a powerful educational influence upon an army that was then showing signs of awaken-

ing from a long period of lethargy. It was at one of the meetings of this society that I first met Sir Garnet Wolseley, to whom we all then looked as the leader of the reform movement, the chief under whom I was later to have the joy of serving in five expeditions or campaigns.

It is a proof of the spirit which was stirring the dry bones at this time that the Council of the Royal United Service Institution were anxious to have a lecture delivered at their theatre in Whitehall on the changes which the Franco - German War had shown to be needed in the tactics of our army. On their behalf General Stephenson¹ asked me to deliver such a lecture; but it was not until I had more than once very strongly urged upon the Council that they should place this important task in the hands of some

¹ Now General Sir Frederic Stephenson, Constable of the Tower of London.

officer of greater experience and higher rank than myself, that I consented at their repeated instance to deliver the lecture, feeling that there was a point where my objections must cease, and that at last it became a duty to comply with the request of so distinguished a body of officers.

The lecture was delivered on May 31, 1873, the Saturday of the Derby week, the date having been chosen by the Council as one on which officers at Aldershot were likely to be free, and many from more distant stations in London. H.R.H. Prince Arthur kindly consented to preside, thus ensuring a large and important audience.

At the close of the lecture his Royal Highness invited discussion. Of all who spoke in that discussion only one is now living. They were Major Colley, then Professor of Strategy and Tactics at the

Staff College, who later on, as Colonel Sir George Colley, was killed at Majuba; General Lord de Ros, at that time Constable of the Tower of London; Colonel (afterwards Sir Edward) Hamley, the author of that brilliant work, 'The Operations of War Explained and Illustrated'; Major-General (afterwards Sir Patrick) M'Dougall, at that time head of the Intelligence Department, and author of two well-known books, 'The Theory of War' and 'Modern Warfare as Influenced by Modern Artillery'; Major-General Sir Percy Herbert of Crimean fame; Lieut.-Colonel Owen, Professor of Artillery at the Royal Military Academy; General Sir William Codrington, another Crimean veteran; Lieut.-General (afterwards Field-Marshal) Sir Lintorn Simmons; and my brother, Major (afterwards Major-General) C. B. Brackenbury, who had been present as correspondent of 'The Times' at the

battle of Königrätz in 1866, and at the battles on the Loire in 1870. Probably never before or since have so many officers of great distinction taken part in a military discussion in that theatre. By invitation of the chairman, I replied briefly to the questions raised by some of the speakers, and his Royal Highness closed the discussion with a few gracious words. Sir Garnet Wolseley, then Assistant Adjutant-General at Headquarters, was present, but took no part in the discussion.¹

In the summer vacation of that year I visited, with Captain (now General Sir George) Pretymann, the theatre of the campaign of 1866 in Bohemia, and on my return had arranged with the leading Indian newspaper, 'The Pioneer,' to write articles for them on the manœuvres which were to

¹ This lecture and the discussion were published as a pamphlet, 'The Tactics of the Three Arms as Modified to meet the Requirements of the Present Day.' W. Mitchell & Co., 39 Charing Cross.

take place at Cannock Chase, when the event occurred which changed the whole current of my life.

One morning I read in the newspaper that Sir Garnet Wolseley had been selected to command an expedition against the Ashantis, who had invaded our territories on the Gold Coast. The papers were full of remarks upon the horrible nature of the climate, and the difficulties of the expedition. I was longing for an opportunity of seeing active service, and the idea of serving under Sir Garnet Wolseley appealed to me irresistibly, but I feared that I should be looked upon as only a theorist, a writer, and a teacher. But if there was ever to be a chance for me, this seemed to be the occasion. So that night I wrote to Sir Garnet, and said how proud I should be to serve under him in the humblest capacity. The most I dared to hope for was some small billet in the transport, or

perhaps as a "special service officer" with native levies. Judge of my astonishment and delight when the morning brought me a telegram, "Will you accept post of my Assistant Military Secretary?—Wolseley."

Thus ended my long connection with the Royal Military Academy. It is interesting to look back, and to call to memory as they then were some of the cadets who passed through my hands: Field-Marshal his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, late Inspector-General of the Forces; General Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, Commander-in-Chief in India; General Sir William Nicholson, Chief of the General Staff, and First Military Member of the Army Council; Sir Herbert Chermiside, late Governor of Queensland; Colonel Sir George Clarke, Governor of Bombay; Major-General Sir Charles Hadden, Master-General of the Ordnance; Sir Fleetwood

Edwards, Keeper of the Privy Purse to Queen Victoria; Sir Arthur Bigge, Private Secretary to Queen Victoria, and now Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales, were all Gentlemen Cadets in that time, showing promise of the distinguished future that awaited them.

Lest it should be thought that my other occupations caused me to neglect my official duties, I append an extract from the orders of the Governor (Sir Lintorn Simmons), published on September 11, 1873:—

Captain H. Brackenbury, R.A., having been appointed Military Secretary to Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, C.B., K.C.M.G., for service on the Gold Coast, has ceased his duties as Professor of Military History at the Royal Military Academy.

The Governor, in notifying Captain Brackenbury's departure, desires to record his high sense of the great ability he has displayed in his lectures, which, having been the result of much study and deep research combined with a spirit of sound military criticism, have been of great benefit to the large number of gentlemen cadets now in the Academy, and others now officers in the

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Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers who have passed under his tuition.

The Governor also desires to thank Captain Brackenbury for the service he has rendered to the Royal Military Academy in acting as honorary librarian to the Cadets' Library, and in wishing him every success in his future career, is sure that he only expresses the heartfelt desire of every one connected with the Royal Military Academy.

CHAPTER V.

Embark for Ashanti—Work on board ship—Mr Winwood Reade—Mr Henry M. Stanley—My narrative of the campaign—Writing against time—Hon. Alfred Charteris—Lord Elcho—Off to Natal—Literary work there—Sir Theophilus Shepstone—Bishop Colenso—Three remarkable sermons—Mr Rider Haggard—Return to England—Visit to Crete—Work for ‘Blackwood’—Work for ‘The Daily Telegraph’—Letters of “Anglophil”—An editor’s note—Work for ‘The World’—Mr Edmund Yates—Mr T. H. S. Escott—Major Arthur Griffiths—A literary pirate—War number of ‘The Illustrated London News’—French manœuvres—Marshal MacMahon—Literary work—A dinner of editors and soldiers—Sir Edwin Arnold—Lord Burnham—Off to Cyprus—A story of a grievance—An offer declined—Off to Zululand—Adrift on the surf—Zululand—John Dunn—The Transvaal—Campaign against Sekukuni—Sir Herbert Stewart—An awful thunderstorm—Called to India—Sir Richard Temple—Private Secretary to the Viceroy—Lord Lytton.

WE sailed, Sir Garnet Wolseley, with thirty-six staff and special service officers,

all volunteers, in the S.S. *Ambriz* on September 12, 1873, for Cape Coast Castle. Of that small group some were afterwards to go far and to become well known to the Army and the public. Colonel (afterwards General Sir John) M'Neill, Lieut.-Colonel (now Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn) Wood, who, like M'Neill, had already won his Victoria Cross, Major (now General Sir Baker) Russell, Major (afterwards General Sir Thomas) Baker, who was Quartermaster-General of the Army when he died, Captain (afterwards General Sir Redvers) Buller, Captain (now General Sir William) Butler, Lieutenant (now General Sir Frederick) Maurice, fresh from beating Sir Garnet Wolseley in the competition for Sir Edward Hamley's "Wellington Prize Essay," were all of the party. As Augustus Anson wrote to me before we started, we were "using the finest steel of our army to cut brushwood"; but the magnet that had irresistibly attracted

the steel was the Chief in whom we all had absolute and unbounded confidence Sir Garnet Wolseley.

We all were anxious to make ourselves acquainted with everything relating to the country and the war, but we could not all have the books at the same time, and Sir Garnet asked Captain Huyshe, of the Rifle Brigade, D.A.Q.M.G., and myself to study the blue-books and reports, to put our notes into shape and read them to our brother officers. Every moment of our spare time was devoted to this work, under the unfavourable conditions of a heavily rolling ship, the sickening smell of new paint, and the stench of bilge water, not to mention sea-sickness. Our work resulted in two papers by me on "The Relations between Great Britain, the Protected States, and Ashanti, with the Causes of the Ashanti War," and a paper by Captain Huyshe on "The Topography of Ashanti and the Protectorate of the

Gold Coast." These papers we read on board ship, and, after our arrival at Cape Coast, sent home to Mr John Blackwood with a map by Captain Huyshe.¹ They were published by Messrs Blackwood & Sons as a small post 8vo volume, under the title of 'Fanti and Ashanti.'

This expedition brought me into touch with Mr Winwood Reade, the correspondent of 'The Times.' He was a small, fragile man, with a chest so narrow ~~that~~ it seemed impossible ~~that~~ it could contain a normal set of vital organs, yet his indomitable spirit carried him through all the hardships of the campaign. He was the author of that remarkable book, 'The Martyrdom of Man,' in which his master-hand sketched in picturesque language the story of the ancient civilisations of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. His hatred

¹ Huyshe died of malarial fever at Prahsu, our camp on the banks of the river Prah, before we crossed into Ashanti territory.

of priestcraft was only equalled by his horror of the institution of slavery.

A very different type was Mr (afterwards Sir) Henry M. Stanley, correspondent of 'The New York Herald,' a man of intense courage and determination, with a powerful physique. He was then known as the explorer who had been sent to find, and had found, the famous missing traveller - missionary, Dr Livingstone. His subsequent remarkable journey across Africa, and his still later journey to relieve Emin Pasha, were narrated in his books 'In Darkest Africa' and 'Through the Dark Continent.' Before he started on this last expedition I sat next him at a dinner given by Sir William M'Kinnon, at which other interesting African explorers were present, and many questions connected with the Dark Continent were discussed. In later years he married that charming artist, Miss Dorothy Tennant, and sat in Parliament as Member for Lambeth.

The Ashanti campaign over, we embarked at Cape Coast Castle for England in March 1874. Previous to our embarkation I had suggested to Sir Garnet that I should write a narrative of the campaign, and he approved. I wrote to Mr John Blackwood saying that I proposed to write such a book, and that I should like to sell it outright, naming a sum to him. On my arrival in England I received a letter from Mr Blackwood accepting my proposals, and saying to me that the success of the book would largely depend upon its being brought out while the interest in the campaign was still fresh. As, under our agreement, the loss, if the book were a failure, would fall entirely on the publishers, I felt bound to use every effort to lose no time. There was necessarily some delay incurred in obtaining all the official documents of the campaign, which were placed unreservedly at my disposal by Sir Garnet, and in obtaining supplementary in-

formation from some of the actors in it. But when once I got to work, no time was lost. I engaged two shorthand writers, dictating to each of them for about two hours a-day. I worked from twelve to fourteen hours a-day, dictating, arranging notes and papers, reading the shorthand writers' transcripts, and correcting and revising proofs as they came in. Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) Harry Cooper of the 47th Regiment most kindly prepared an admirable collection of maps, the proofs of which he examined and revised. Messrs Blackwood's part of the work was done with great rapidity. The result was that in six weeks I wrote, revised, and saw through the press two octavo volumes, containing between them 795 pages. Mr John Blackwood was good enough to tell me afterwards that, as far as he knew, it was a record feat; and I was glad to know later that the whole edition was sold.

Five months spent in the most exhaust-

ing climate in the world, and an attack of the Coast fever, had taken a great deal out of me; during the preparation of this book I was unable to take any exercise or recreation, and in consequence suffered, after the first three weeks, from insomnia, and for the last fortnight took chloral every night. Yet the book never left my mind even in my sleep. I consulted a doctor, who advised me strongly to take a rest, saying I was running a serious risk of brain fever. But I knew I could never rest till the work was done, and held out, determined the moment the book was finished to rush off to Switzerland. On May 23, having corrected and despatched the last proof, I wrote, signed, and posted the preface, and after a light dinner started from Woolwich. I slept the whole way to Cannon Street, from Cannon Street to Dover, from Dover to Calais, from Calais to Paris. At Paris I went to bed in the early morning, and slept almost contin-

uously for over twenty-four hours, waking up on the following day fresh and in good health.

During my holiday in Switzerland I met my friend Lord Elcho (now Earl of Wemyss) and Lady Elcho, whose handsome and gallant son, Alfred Charteris, had fallen a victim to malarial fever during the Ashanti War. Charteris and I had shared the same room in Government House at Cape Coast Castle, and side by side had been the first to enter the village of Essaman in the first fight of the war. I travelled with Lord and Lady Elcho for a few days, and I wonder if Lord Wemyss remembers what a narrow escape he had, when, coming down the Rigi by rail, he leaned far out of the window, and a projecting point of rock struck his low-crowned hat from his head. Another inch or two would have deprived our nation of one of its most striking and delightful personalities.

In the autumn I found myself posted

to Sheerness, one of the dullest of quarters, where my spare time was devoted to rackets, billiards, and whist, with an occasional day with the hounds. In consequence of a grave disappointment as regards promotion, I was seriously meditating leaving the service, and went up to London to consult Sir Garnet Wolseley. He advised me not to be in a hurry, and one morning when I called on him at his office he said, "Will you go with me to Natal?" He had undertaken a special mission to Natal as Governor and High Commissioner. We sailed in February 1875, the party consisting of Colonel (afterwards Sir George) Colley, on special service, Major (now General Sir William) Butler, and Captain Lord Gifford as A.D.C.'s, and myself as Assistant Military Secretary. With us went Mr (afterwards Sir) Napier Broome, who

had been appointed Colonial Secretary. On our arrival Colley became Colonial Treasurer, Butler Protector of Immigrants, both with *ex officio* seats on the Legislative Council, and I became Private Secretary to the Governor and Clerk to the Executive Council.

Here I was again to find employment for my pen. It was arranged that we should supply the leading newspaper, 'The Times of Natal,' which was the Government organ, with leading articles explaining the Government policy, and Napier Broome, fresh from the staff of 'The Times,' Colley, Butler, and I took it in turn to write them. The leading opposition journal, 'The Natal Witness,' was edited by Mr Winter, whom Butler, in one of his amusing speeches in the Legislature, called "the winter of our discontent." In August I gave a lecture in the new Kafir Court House at Pieter-

maritzburg on "Incidents of the Ashanti War, with remarks on the manners and customs of the natives of the Gold Coast."

On this first visit to Natal I met two remarkable men. One of them was Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs, a man of great ability and statesmanlike mind, who knew the Zulu character and the Zulu language as no other European did, except John Dunn, and who subsequently, with infinite skill and tact, conducted the negotiations with President Burgers which led to the annexation of the Transvaal by Great Britain. The other was Dr Colenso, the Bishop of Natal, whose book on the Pentateuch had raised a storm in the Church. In this book he had criticised, with what would now be looked upon as fair historical criticism, many of the statements as to facts and figures contained in the first five books of the Old

Testament, and had shaken the belief of many in the Divine inspiration of their authors. An attempt to get him removed from his bishopric had failed, but his opponents had succeeded in having another bishop appointed as Bishop of Maritzburg, and these two bishops lived in that small town. I remember, soon after arrival, saying to Sir Garnet that it would be a difficult task to steer a straight course between the two bishops. "I will ask them both to dinner and go to neither of their churches," was the wise reply. And so we, Sir Garnet and his staff, used to attend the service held by the military chaplain for the troops on Sunday mornings, but I would occasionally attend one of the other churches in the evening.

At one of these services I heard Bishop Colenso preach a sermon which remains in my mind, one of the only three I ever

heard that have left a lasting impression. The first of these was by Dr Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford, in the chapel at Eton, when I was a schoolboy. It was intensely dramatic. He depicted so vividly the procession of souls coming up for judgment, that when he paused, raising his eyes and lifting his hand, and saying, "And there stands the Judge," every head turned towards the direction in which he pointed.

The second was a sermon by a high church, but not a celibate, clergyman at Brighton, who, preaching on St Paul's Day, described St Paul's trials, the scourgings, buffetings, shipwreck, &c., and then said (his wife sitting just below him), "But St Paul never had the greatest trial to which man can be subject, he never was married."

The third was this sermon by Bishop Colenso. Taking for his text the song of Deborah, which had formed some part of the day's service, he showed the brutality

of the cold-blooded murder of Sisera by Jael, its hideous treachery, its violation of that law of hospitality which is most sacred to every Oriental, and said that if he believed that this murder was acceptable to God it would be impossible for him to believe in the mercy or goodness of the God who approved it. Then he proceeded to contrast the teaching of the New Testament, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," with this praise of murder and treachery in the Old Testament.

We rode a good deal, and played lawn-tennis at Maritzburg. We made a tour round the whole Colony, and in October, the object of Sir Garnet's mission having been successfully accomplished, we returned to England.

At Durban, before embarking, we met Sir Henry Bulwer, Sir Garnet's successor, and his private secretary, Mr Rider Haggard,

then a youth fresh from Harrow, now so well known both as a novelist and an agriculturist.

The brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel, the deferment of which had so disappointed me in the previous winter, was now bestowed upon me, and I was posted to the command of a *depôt* field battery at Woolwich.

During the winter of 1875-6 I went with Sir Patrick M'Dougall and Major (now General Sir Alexander) Tulloch to Egypt, and, alone with Tulloch, to Crete, spending a week at Athens on the way. Our experience in Crete formed the subject of an article in 'Maga,' a year later, but there is one memory that I did not tell in that paper. Just before the sailing of the steamer that was to take us home, some peasants brought us for sale a few treasures which they had found in an old tomb. The price they asked was trifling

in comparison to the value of the treasures offered; but neither Tulloch nor I had much money to spare. I bought some glass vessels and a pair of gold ear-rings that had lain buried at least two thousand years. Tulloch also bought some gold ornaments. There was a gold ring with a small red stone, apparently badly chipped, which I would not buy, and Tulloch bought it for about a sovereign. When we examined it with a magnifying-glass, it turned out to be a ruby intaglio, that which I had believed to be a chip being a deep carving of a bird on a branch.

My pen seems to have been idle all through the summer of 1876. I was very busy with my military work, training recruits to be sent as drafts to India in the autumn; but I used to go up to London to attend the games of *Kriegspiel*, which were held, I think, weekly, and in the summer I went with Surgeon-General (afterwards Sir

Thomas) Longmore and another officer, to study and report upon ambulance material at an Exhibition held at Brussels to promote means of preserving health and saving life. In the winter I began to crave more active employment for my brains, and enforced confinement for a month under a surgeon's hands in London afforded the stimulus and the opportunity. I wrote to Mr John Blackwood suggesting two articles, and he approved. The first of these, which appeared in February 1877, was called "Philanthropy in War." It sketched the origin and progress of the various national societies for aid to the sick and wounded in war, and of the Geneva Convention, and described the character of the help given by neutrals during the Franco-German War; but its chief object was to urge upon our own National Aid Society that it should employ the balance (£73,000) which had remained in hand at the close of the

war, or at least the interest of the investments, on making preparations for aiding our own soldiers in war, and that it should come to arrangements with the War Office for a definite sphere of duties to be allotted to the voluntary helpers whom it would organise in time of peace. My efforts in this direction were not successful. I have always thought that this was due to the conservative influence of the financial element on the committee, my membership of which I had previously resigned when I failed to get them to move in this direction.

The second article, which appeared in April 1877, was entitled "Crete." Anxiety as to Russia's designs on Constantinople was rife at this time; she had torn up that clause of the Treaty of Paris which forbade her building ships of war upon the Black Sea; her policy was tending more and more towards making that sea

a Russian lake, and it seemed to me that if the dismemberment of the Turkish empire should give the gate of the Euxine to Russia, or to a Power under Russian influence, Crete, with its splendid harbour at Suda Bay, must from its position become the key of our communications on that part of the line which lies between Malta and Egypt, and that its acquisition by us would go far to neutralise the evils that would accrue to us from Russia's gaining the outlets of the Black Sea. From this point of view I contrasted its importance with that of Cyprus and other Mediterranean islands, and concluded by saying that if ever the Bosphorus should be opened up to Russia, Crete would become a necessary link in the chain of fortified harbours which secure our communications with the East.

Before this article appeared in 'Maga,' I was again in full swing of work, writing for 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'The

World.' I do not remember how my introduction to 'The Daily Telegraph,' or rather to its proprietor and principal editor, Mr Edward Lawson, came about. I have cuttings of two short letters which I wrote to that paper in November 1876 headed respectively "Russia at Constantinople" and "Diplomatic Parallels," but so far as I can trace, my first regular contributions commenced with two long articles headed "England's Greatest Danger in the East," which appeared on the 18th and 20th February 1877, under the signature "Anglophil." The text for these articles was a sentence in Lord Hartington's speech on the debate on the Address, in which he said—

Perhaps we are supposing that German and Austrian interests will make the statesmen of those countries on the alert, and that Russia, knowing she has no territorial advantages to gain from war, will shrink from it. But it may be that neither Germany nor Austria have any interests in Asia, and that the Asiatic

provinces of Turkey also are open to attack. England has great interest in these Asiatic provinces. They some day may become the most direct route to India.

The object of the articles was to ensure the defence of English interests, if necessary, even by war.

From that time I became a constant contributor to the paper. The war between Russia and Turkey afforded ample subject for my pen. It broke out in April 1877. I continued to urge in letters signed "Anglophil," under such headings as "England's Threatened Interests," "Why do we hesitate," &c., that we should mobilise, and that our neutral attitude should be one of armed neutrality. In headed articles I wrote upon the various phases of the war and its possibilities. Thus I wrote on "The Russian Advance through Roumania," "The Passage of the Danube," "The Lines of Gallipoli," &c. In this way I was able freely to urge my

own views in letters, while in leading articles I was under the control of Edwin Arnold, the political editor, and advocated the policy of the paper with which I was entirely in accord.

This continued throughout the year 1877 and the spring of 1878. Then came the Treaty of San Stefano, and the proposal to hold a Congress at Berlin. I find among my papers of this time the following memorandum by Edwin Arnold of topics on which I was to write:—

TOPICS

1. *Military position and prospects of Russian forces*, north and south of the Balkans; numerical, strategic, and sanitary condition; their present and future transport, supplies, and communication, including remarks on Roumelian uprising in the Rhodope hills and Roumanian hostility.

2. *While strongly desiring peace* and a just settlement by diplomacy (which is hardly probable now), *display*, with confidence but moderation of tone, the capabilities of the British Empire for LA GRANDE GUERRE, our

forces, resources, opportunities, advantages (and disadvantages), our right and best military policy, and the necessity for doing the work thoroughly if we go into it at all.

3. Answer the question "*What* are we fighting for?" so often asked with pretended ignorance, pointing out—

- (1) Treaty faith and its import.
- (2) European and English rights.
- (3) Sea and land communications of British Empire.
- (4) Peace and continued prestige in India and Asia.
- (5) Our Mussulman subjects and the considerations attaching to them.
- (6) Commerce.
- (7) Future peace and developments.

4. Write special paper on Armenian and Black Sea sections of San Stephano Terms, pointing out why, if Congress ever meets (as we hope it may), the exactions as to Batoum, Erzeroum, and Kurdistan cannot and must not be allowed to stand. Show military, political, commercial, and continental consequences of Russia's aggressiveness herein, and speak as flatly as you like of the plain and certain future necessity of a safe railway route to India through the land dominated by these proposed Muscovite burglaries.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

Early in 1877 I came across the manuscript of the article on the French Stage which Mr Froude had rejected ten years previously. A visit just paid to Paris had

revived my interest in the subject. I rewrote the paper, adapting it to the later date, and sent it to the editor of 'The World.' Mr Edmund Yates wrote me a charming letter in reply, accepting the paper, and saying he should be glad to have other contributions from my pen. The article appeared on March 14 under the title "Five French Plays and a Moral," and before long I became a frequent contributor of articles on military subjects, especially on subjects dealing with that borderland where military policy and foreign policy meet, and on French politics.

My connection with 'The World' brought me some pleasant friendships. Edmund Yates was then living in Cavendish Square, and I dined sometimes at his house, meeting there, amongst others, Mr T. H. S. Escott, who was then the political editor of 'The World,' and Major Arthur Griffiths, well known not only as one of her Majesty's

Inspectors of Prisons, but also as the author of 'The Chronicles of Newgate' and several pleasant novels. He was at this time a constant writer for 'The World.' Another guest was Mr Frederick Marshall, Secretary to the Japanese Legation in Paris, author of 'French Home Life' and of delightful weekly papers of French gossip in 'The World.' I dined at a 'World' dinner given by Yates at Greenwich, where I first met Mr Philip Currie, then Assistant Under Secretary at the Foreign Office (afterwards Lord Currie, Ambassador successively at Constantinople and at Rome), of whom I saw a great deal in later years. Yates was a brilliant talker and a most hospitable host. I saw a good deal of Escott. One evening I had been dining with him at his house in Brompton Crescent, and after dinner he, Griffiths, and I were sitting in his smoking-room when the post brought Escott a letter

which he read to us, suppressing all names. It was from some one living in the North of England, who said that a young gentleman had proposed for the hand of his daughter, and had told him that he was making an income by writing for the papers, naming 'The Saturday Review' and 'The World' as two of his sources of income. The writer of the letter had asked the young gentleman to show him some of the articles he had written in these papers, and had applied to 'The Saturday Review' asking whether the articles named by the young man were written by him. They had replied in the negative; and he now wrote to ask Escott if two articles, "Plevna" and another, of which the young man claimed the authorship, were from his pen. "Plevna" had been written by me, the other by Arthur Griffiths.

Long after my connection with 'The

World' had ceased, Yates, having allowed his paper to become the vehicle for an unjustifiable personal slander, was sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Some time later I went with Arthur Griffiths to see him at his house at Brighton, and found him much broken in health. He died not long afterwards. Escott subsequently became editor of 'The Fortnightly Review,' and having suffered much in health, lives in comparative retirement at Brighton, whence from time to time he sends forth valuable and interesting books. Arthur Griffiths, to the regret of a large circle of very sincere friends, died early in 1908 on the Riviera.

One evening in May 1877, while the Russo-Turkish war was in progress, a card was brought to me on which was written, "From the Illustrated London News." My visitor said that he was deputed by the proprietor to ask me if I would write

an article for a War Number, which was about to be produced, on the Armies of the Contending Powers. About twenty-five columns were wanted, and they must be ready within five days. I thought the terms offered insufficient, and was not anxious for the work, as I had plenty to do; so I said that the only terms on which I would undertake it were that I was to have a hundred guineas for the article, which should be not less than twenty columns, and that a shorthand writer should be sent down to me the following morning. Next morning the shorthand writer came with a letter accepting my terms. The War Number appeared. It contained "The Armies of the Contending Powers, and a Description of the Theatre of War," by me; "The Navies of the Contending Powers," by E. J. Reed, C.B., late Chief Constructor of H.M. Navy, and another article which was anonymous. I heard

afterwards that an edition of 100,000 copies had been sold. My military duties were not interrupted; and this was the best payment I ever got for five days' employment of my spare time.

In this year 1877, I obtained leave to attend the French manœuvres as the guest of Marshal Canrobert. Sir Charles Ellice, Colonel East, and Colonel Reilly, R.A., represented the British Army. I had rather a close escape one day. We were riding five abreast uphill on a narrow road, when suddenly a cart with a runaway horse tore round the corner from a side road, and came straight down on us. To avoid East, who was on my left, the driver pulled his near-rein hard; the near-shaft struck my horse, penetrating his side, and flung us both over on a heap of stones. I escaped without a scratch or even a tear in my clothes, but the horse (a French cavalry troop horse) had to be shot.

Marshal MacMahon acted as director of these manœuvres. He had a reputation for making blunders of speech, due to forgetfulness or confusion of mind. He rather mixed up the foreign officers, and I heard him ask Sir Charles Ellice if he had come from St Petersburg expressly for these manœuvres. Many amusing stories were current illustrative of this peculiarity, two of which I remember. It was alleged that when he was told that his Government had been defeated in the Chamber by a majority of one, he said, "If only I knew who he was, that one!" The other story was, that before inspecting the Military College at St Cyr, he was told that one of the students was a man of colour, who was working hard and doing well, but led rather a difficult life among the other students on account of his colour, and the Marshal was asked to say a few words of encouragement to him. The Marshal pro-

mised to do so, and, stopping opposite him in the ranks, said, "Vous êtes le nègre, n'est ce pas?" "Oui, Monsieur le Maréchal." "Très bien, très bien; continuez, continuez de l'être."

I kept up my work for 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'The World,' and sent two papers to 'Blackwood,' the first of which, "The South African Question," appeared in July 1878, discussing the problem of South African Confederation, and advocating the annexation of Zululand. The second, "The Troubles of a Scots Traveller," was a sketch of a most curious and interesting book by one William Lithgow, published in 1623, which I had come across in my researches at the British Museum into matters connected with Crete.

While I was busy as above, I met one morning in Pall Mall, coming out of the Athenæum Club, Mr John Blackwood, and asked him to dine with me that evening

at my club, saying I would try to get one or two men to meet him. A minute or two later I met Sir Garnet Wolseley, who promised to dine. Then I met Mr Edward Lawson, who also accepted my invitation. I called on Redvers Buller at the War Office, and he too accepted. And then I asked Edmund Yates to meet John Blackwood and Wolseley and one or two others, not mentioning their names, and he accepted. I was in entire ignorance of the fact that there had appeared in 'The World' an offensive personal attack upon Lawson, and that he was not upon speaking terms with Yates, and congratulated myself on having got together so representative a party at such short notice.

All my guests had arrived except Yates, when Lawson, looking down from the gallery over the hall in the club, saw Yates coming in. He whispered to me, "Is Yates dining with you?" When I said "Yes," he

said, "Don't introduce me." I have often since thought how well he met the unpleasant situation in which I had placed him. We went down to dinner in a private room, six of us at a round table, and two of them not on speaking terms. Sir Garnet sat on my right, John Blackwood on my left, Buller divided Lawson and Yates. Conversation never for a moment flagged, and though two of my guests never addressed each other, or replied directly to what the other had said, so perfect was their tact that no one looking on would have guessed there was anything wrong. Lawson had made his acceptance conditional on his being allowed to leave early to go to the office of the paper, and at 10 o'clock I accompanied him to the door of the club. I heard afterwards from Buller that Yates had only said a few nice words about Lawson after he had left the room with me.

The two friendships which I made through my work for 'The Daily Telegraph' were those of Sir Edwin Arnold, the poet-author of 'The Light of Asia,' and Mr Lawson (now Lord Burnham). I used to see Arnold at his house in Brompton. The last letter I had from him is dated April 20, 1889. I had written condoling with him on the death of his wife, and mentioned a very beautiful paper of his in 'The Fortnightly Review,' called "Death and Afterwards." Replying to my letter, he wrote :

Sad as it was, it cheered me with the touch of true human comradeship. I am proud that my little treatise gave you pleasure, and your kind words encourage me to say that in the darkest moment of loss the convictions which I expressed there have never been shaken. Death, I do believe, is an illusion which derives its present mystery and sorrowfulness only from our necessary ignorance. . . . I am working hard again, the best tonic for trouble.

Shortly afterwards he sent me a small volume of verse, 'In my Lady's Praise' :

the first poem in the volume, entitled "Good-night, Good-bye," is touching and pathetic.

Later on he found consolation, and has now gone to solve the problem of "Afterwards."

Lord Burnham, as every one knows, still flourishes. I last saw him at Hall Barn, his country seat, near Beaconsfield. In my dealings with him as a contributor to his paper, I always found him a courteous and considerate gentleman and a generous paymaster. I visited him and his charming wife at Orkney Cottage, on the Thames, by Maidenhead, and no one who was privileged to be present at them will forget his delightful parties in Arlington Street. At one of these, a men's party (I think "oysters" was printed on the invitation card), I heard Billy Russell and Burnand sing to Sullivan's accompaniment, and Irving recite, while Toole gave

us an imitation of Phelps playing Hamlet with Buckstone prompting.

In the early winter of 1877 I had been sent to command a garrison battery at Dover, which in May 1878 was moved to Newhaven, the most dreary of quarters. There was little work for me to do, and writing was my chief occupation. One evening in July a telegram was brought to me while I was sitting with two of my officers in the little artisan's house in which I lived, and where we had our mess. So little importance did I attach to it that I did not open it till we broke up to dress for dinner. And then I found this—

HOUSE OF COMMONS, 6.20 P.M.

I go in two or three days to Cyprus. Will you come? If so, come to town early to-morrow.—WOLSELEY.

Cyprus, and not Crete as I had hoped, was the island that passed under our rule. Sir Garnet had not been at liberty to speak

till the decision was announced in Parliament, but the moment that was done he had announced it to his selected staff. Colonel the Hon. J. Dormer¹ and I were Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-Generals to the force of British and Indian troops which was sent to occupy the island. Within a few weeks the troops were removed, with the exception of a few companies, and our occupation was gone. But at Sir Garnet's wish I remained to raise and organise a force of military police (zaptiehs), 200 horse and 400 foot, and to purge and remodel the prisons, with the title of Chief Commandant of Police and Inspector of Prisons. I visited every town and village in the island, but my official duties are outside the scope of these

¹ Afterwards Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief in Madras, where he died of wounds inflicted by a tiger.

memories. There is only one story which I must tell.

Opening of tombs, with which the island is honeycombed, was strictly forbidden by the Turkish law, which we administered. A gentleman, whose brother had formerly been American Consul, was known to be breaking the law. He was warned, but persisted, and was caught in the act. I personally prosecuted him before the Cadi at Larnaca, when he was convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and confiscation of the objects he had taken from the tombs. Sir Garnet, the Chief Commissioner, remitted the imprisonment. Some time later an American warship anchored in Larnaca roads. The delinquent went on board and poured out the tale of his fancied wrongs in the ear of the naval officer commanding. "Sir," said this officer, "your story does not interest me, but it appears to me

you have been doing something wrong." How often since, when I have had to listen to the story of a grievance, have I felt inclined to give the same answer!

In February or March 1879 I had made all arrangements for a short visit to the Holy Land with Captain Wisely, R.E. We went to Larnaca to embark, when a telegram from Sir Garnet came, saying that if we went we should have to spend three weeks in quarantine on Larnaca beach on our return. Plague had broken out in Syria; Egypt had placed all arrivals therefrom in quarantine; Cyprus was obliged to follow suit, to avoid being also quarantined by Egypt, which was our only way of communication with England; and so we reluctantly abandoned our proposed journey.

While in Cyprus I had written descriptive letters for 'The Daily Telegraph,' my last contributions to the daily press.

My work in Cyprus accomplished, I returned to England in April 1879, and obtained a short leave of absence. Before it expired, I was sent for to the Foreign Office, and asked if it would suit me to return to Cyprus as Chief Secretary. I told Philip Currie, through whom the offer came, that I would accept nothing without consulting Sir Garnet Wolseley. He kindly telegraphed to that effect to Sir Garnet, who replied that while he had no doubt that I should make an efficient Chief Secretary, he wished me to be told that the Chief Commissioner and the Chief Secretary could not both leave the island at the same time, and that he should wish always to have me with him on active service. Currie showed me the telegram; I said, "Then I cannot accept," and he said, "You are quite right."

Almost immediately afterwards Sir Garnet

returned to England, and being appointed to relieve Lord Chelmsford as Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, took me with him as his Military Secretary. Colonel (afterwards Sir George) Colley, who was with Lord Lytton in India, was to join us in South Africa as Chief of the Staff. Our voyage out was brightened by the society of W. H. Russell, special correspondent of 'The Daily Telegraph.' During the three weeks we were on board ship he kept us constantly amused, never told the same story twice, and sang a good song on deck in the evenings.

After a day or two at Pietermaritzburg, learning as much as possible about the situation in the field, Sir Garnet decided to proceed by sea to Port Durnford on the coast of Zululand, join General Crealock's column, and advance with it to join hands with the force under Lord Chelmsford. We embarked at Durban on board H.M.S.

Shah, under the command of Captain Bradshaw, and anchored off Port Durnford. Here we transhipped into a lighter which was taken in tow by a steam-launch under command of Captain Twiss, R.N., with a view to our being attached to a cable which ran from the shore to a buoy anchored some considerable distance out. There was a heavy swell, and we were all put into the small hold of the lighter and battened down. We sat, twelve or thirteen of us, on the floor, as there was not room to stand up, and were towed towards the buoy. Presently the towing hawser broke, and we were adrift in the surf. Captain Twiss succeeded in taking us in tow again, and we were nearing the buoy when Commodore (now Admiral Sir Frederick) Richards, who was on shore, signalled that the surf was too heavy for us to land, and we were towed back to the *Shah*. That night after Sir Garnet had turned

in, Captain Bradshaw called me to the bridge, and pointing to the enormous rollers said, "I estimate that when we are down in the trough there is not three feet between the ship and the ground, and I want to get out of this. Please tell Sir Garnet." I asked how long this state of sea was likely to last, and Captain Bradshaw said it might be days. Sir Garnet thereupon decided to return to Durban and enter Zululand by land.

In consequence of this delay, the action of Ulundi had been fought before Sir Garnet could join the troops in the field. It was left for him to ensure the capture of Ketchwayo, the Zulu king, and to arrange with the chiefs the peaceable settlement of Zululand. While these events were in progress I saw much of that remarkable man Mr John Dunn. The son of a missionary, he had, from his intimate knowledge of the Zulu people

and language, been appointed British agent in Zululand, after Ketchwayo's coronation and recognition by the British Government. For years he had lived among the Zulus, adopting to a great extent their methods of life, but when war became imminent, he had, after warning Ketchwayo, come out to the British. He was a gentleman in appearance and manner, and had personally conducted many shooting parties of English gentlemen in Zululand and the neighbouring territories. I have a particular recollection of seeing him on one day shoot with a small-bore rifle a black mamba, one of the most deadly snakes, advancing with head erect from the cave which Ketchwayo had used as a powder-magazine, and on our return journey to camp shoot with the same rifle a partridge on the wing. On the settlement of Zululand he was formally recognised as a

Zulu chief, in control of a considerable territory.

Ketchwayo having been captured, the new settlement of Zululand accomplished, and the orders issued for the dispersion of the troops, Sir Garnet entered the Transvaal and went to Pretoria. On the way, at Standerton, he had an interview with General Joubert, to whom he announced the fixed determination of the Government to retain the Transvaal under the Crown. I was present at that interesting interview, together with Colley and St Leger Herbert, Sir Garnet's private secretary. Shortly after this Colley was recalled to India by Lord Lytton, in consequence of the murder of Cavagnari at Kabul, rendering military operations necessary in Afghanistan, and I was appointed to act as Chief of the Staff. After a short stay at Pretoria, we carried out a successful expedition against a chief

called Sekukuni in the north of the Transvaal.¹ Colonel (now General Sir Baker) Russell commanded the troops, and Sir Garnet and his staff accompanied the expedition.

Captain Herbert Stewart, who had been staff officer to Colonel Baker Russell in this little campaign, and I shared the same quarters at Pretoria and became close friends. One morning, on returning from transacting business with the Chief, I found Stewart in an unusual state of excitement, and asked if anything was wrong. He told me that the post had brought the gazette containing the rewards for the operations under Lord Chelmsford in Zululand, and that his name was not mentioned, though he had been Brigade-Major of Cavalry throughout the cam-

¹ In November 1899 I described this campaign in an article in 'Maga,' entitled "The Transvaal Twenty Years Ago."

paign. He said he had decided to leave the service, and should send in his papers at once. I begged him not to take any such action till he had at least tried to get what was evidently a mistake put right, pointing out that he was sure of a brevet for the Sekukuni campaign, and that if he could get one for the Zulu War, he would thus become a lieutenant-colonel. I asked him who was his best friend in England? He replied, "My wife." Then we concocted a telegram to her, and went with it together to the telegraph office, Stewart protesting that it would be no use. At the office we found that, the charge being something like ten shillings a word, the telegram would cost over ten pounds, and he said he was not going to throw so much money away. I said, "Very well, if you won't send it, I shall send it in my own name." Of course he would not let me do this, and so the

telegram was sent by him. In less time than we had expected, the reply arrived, "Brevet granted." He thus became a brevet-major, and not long afterwards received the brevet of a lieutenant-colonel for the Sekukuni campaign.

When Sir Garnet left the Transvaal for Natal, Herbert Stewart and I drove together in a post-cart the 360 miles from Pretoria to Maritzburg, and on the way came in one night for the worst thunderstorm I ever remember. Our mules would not face it; our driver turned them off the road on to the veldt, and with their and our backs to the driving rain we waited for daylight. When it came, we saw how the lightning had torn up the ground near our cart, as though a Lyddite shell had buried itself and then burst, and we had not driven a quarter of a mile when we came across a whole span of oxen lying dead together. On the outbreak of a storm

oxen which have been outspanned to feed generally make for the shelter of the nearest ravine or donga, and hours often pass before they can be found. To prevent this, the driver of this team had yoked his oxen to the pole or disselboom of his waggon. The pole was shod with iron, the yoke-chains were iron; a flash of lightning struck the pole, and killed the whole team.

Herbert Stewart had gone to Durban, to embark for home, when a telegram from India offered me the post of Private Secretary to the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, in succession to Sir George Colley, who had been appointed to succeed Sir Garnet as Governor of Natal. I consulted Sir Garnet, who urged my accepting the post in my own interests. Herbert Stewart, who was on his way home, and whose kit was actually on board ship at Durban, hastened to Maritzburg to relieve me, and a few days later I

sailed in a troopship conveying a battalion from Durban to Bombay.

Colley was still in India when I arrived. Waiting at Bombay to meet him on his way to embark, I was the guest for three days of that remarkable man Sir Richard Temple, then Governor of the Bombay Presidency. He was possessed of boundless physical as well as mental energy, as his staff well knew. On the night of my arrival he told me he should like it if I could meet him at six o'clock the following morning, in order that he might tell me his views on some of the matters before the Viceroy. After two hours, he suggested adjourning to the following morning at six; and after another long sitting, he told me that on the following morning he should like to give me "an exposition of his views as to the desirability of the retention of Cyprus." This I could well have spared. He had decided to stand for

Parliament at the next General Election, and told me that as a Temple he was naturally a follower of Lord Palmerston's policy, that he had carefully studied his career, and was convinced that he would at the present time have been a Conservative. Shortly afterwards Sir Richard resigned his Governorship, and as a Conservative entered the House of Commons.

That he did first-rate work during his Indian career there cannot be a shadow of doubt. That he possessed in a remarkable degree the invaluable gift for an administrator of rapidly assimilating and using to good purpose ideas and information derived from others is to be gathered from a story current in India, that he once accompanied a naturalist and botanist to Darjeeling for a week, and on his return wrote the best book ever written on the flora and fauna of the Himalayas. Of course the story is without foundation in

fact, but Anglo-Indians have a marvellous gift of seizing a man's—or for the matter of that a woman's—chief characteristic, and stereotyping it in a nickname, a story, or an epigram.

My experience is that a Viceroy's Private Secretary has no spare time, unless meal-times and an hour or two after dinner can be so considered. On my first arrival, telegrams used to be brought to me during dinner. This, I thought, interfered with my digestion and the Viceroy's, as he always asked what they contained. So I tried [a little ruse, and giving directions that telegrams arriving during dinner were to be placed on the writing-table in my bedroom, used to slip out immediately after dinner and open them, not troubling the Viceroy with them till the next morning, unless they urgently required reply. Telegrams arriving after dinner were similarly treated. Once when we were retiring for

the night, Lord Lytton said that he hoped I was comfortably installed, and linking his arm in mine accompanied me to my room. On my table were two opened telegrams and one unopened. "Now I understand why there are no telegrams in the evening," he said, with his delightful smile. I confessed, and the result was that he used to see the evening telegrams at bedtime, instead of earlier; and we sometimes sat up till the small hours of the morning deciphering telegrams received, and ciphering his replies.

The true story of that time of grave anxiety has been told, so far as it ever can be, by Lady Betty Balfour, in her two memorial works, 'Lord Lytton's Indian Administration,'¹ and 'Personal and Literary Letters of the Earl of Lytton.' It was impossible to live in intimate relationship with Lord Lytton without learning to love

¹ I reviewed this book in 'Maga' of December 1899.

him. Each day, as I saw his gallant bearing in face of undeserved misfortune, the staunch way in which he stood by his colleagues, accepting for himself alone and refusing to let them share the responsibility for any error that had been committed, my admiration for him grew and my affection deepened. And in my spare time I found him the most delightful companion I have ever known. His sense of humour was inexhaustible ; he was full of anecdotes. His poetic mind shed a new light on commonplace things. One evening we had been amusing ourselves in playing "Buried Cities." As we bade "Good-night" I said, "Constantinople would be a difficult word to bury." Next morning he sent me round the following verse, which I am kindly allowed to publish—

"In grief still constant, I no pleasure know
That is not grave-born like a churchyard flower.
Lone are my days as broken stairs that go,
Leading to nothing, round a ruined tower.

His resignation of the Viceroyalty was sent in together with that of Lord Beaconsfield and his Cabinet, and in July, as soon as the rains had set in, we sailed for England. My tenure of office under him had been short, but it had been in a very exceptional time, and it had drawn me closely to him. I accompanied him to Knebworth, where I stayed a month, doing what little I could to help him with his private affairs. Professionally or pecuniarily I had gained nothing by my short time of service under him, but I had gained a most valuable experience, and that which was better than money or advancement, the priceless boon of his friendship.

The last time I saw him was when I had been appointed Military Member of the Council of the Viceroy of India, and before starting, went over to Paris to spend my last Sunday with him and his family at the Embassy. He was even

then full of fun and anecdote, but when he was saying good-bye to me there was a note of sadness in his farewell. He gave me his photograph, beneath which he wrote—

“God speed!—Your affectionate old
friend, LYTTON.

“PARIS, 22d March 1891.”

In the following November I was lying with a broken arm at Fort Sandeman (Apozai), a remote outpost on the North-West Frontier, when the news reached me of his death, and I knew that I had lost that best of all this world's possessions, a true and staunch friend.

CHAPTER VI.

Appointed Military Attaché in Paris—Prince Napoléon—
 The Waddington Family—Gambetta—De Blowitz—
 Ferdinand de Lesseps — Marshal Canrobert — Sent
 to Ireland—Appointed Assistant Under-Secretary for
 Police and Crime—Resign—Vacant Hours—Valen-
 tine Baker Pasha — Captain Shaw—Gibraltar — A
 Trip to Morocco — Storm-Bound at Tetuan — A
 Perilous Voyage—Ordered to Egypt—The Gordon
 Relief Campaign—A Strange Coincidence—Sir Ian
 Hamilton—Ouida—Appointed Head of the Intelli-
 gence Department — Subsequent Appointments —
 Final Remarks.

IN October 1879 my friend Mr John
 Blackwood died, and after my return
 from India in 1880 I established pleasant
 relations with his nephew, Mr William
 Blackwood, who had succeeded to the
 editorial chair, and reviewed for him
 Shadwell's 'Life of Lord Clyde' in an

article which appeared in 'Maga' in April 1881.

After a short spell of half-pay, being now a Brevet Colonel, I was offered, and accepted, the appointment of Military Attaché to the British Embassy in Paris. I had previously declined the offer of a similar post at Vienna, on the ground that I could not afford to accept it. But I was strongly advised to accept Paris, and determined to take the risk. I had many friends in the French Army, made in 1870, and thought I might be able to fill the post to advantage. Marshal Canrobert wrote to me—

PARIS le 16 Xbre, 1881.

Je suis très heureux d'apprendre que vous allez venir à Paris en qualité d'attaché Militaire à l'ambassade anglaise. . . . Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire avec quel empressement je saisirai ici les occasions que vous voudriez m'offrir de vous être agréable. Si avant votre départ de Londres vous voyez S.A.R. le duc de Cambridge, je vous prie de lui offrir l'expression du respectueux et affectueux souvenir de son vieux compagnon de l'Alma et d'Inkermann.

Je saisis cette occasion, mon cher Colonel, de vous assurer de ma haute estime et de mon plus affectueux dévouement.

M^L. CANROBERT, G.C.B.

In spite of the comparatively favourable conditions under which, on 1st January 1881, I entered on this appointment, it was not altogether congenial to me. My friends amongst the officers were chiefly Imperialists by conviction, and as such were not greatly in favour under a Republican *régime*. I made some pleasant acquaintances, both in and outside the Embassy. I joined the New Club, which was established in a house formerly belonging to General Galliffet in the Rue Matignon, close to the Rond Point of the Champs Elyseés, and became a temporary member of the Jockey Club, where I was like a fish out of water. I attended some of the delightful *soirées* of Princess Mathilde, most charming of hostesses. Lord Lytton, who came over on a visit to Lord

Lyons, introduced me to Prince Napoléon (Plon-plon). When I called with Lord Lytton, we found him seated underneath a bust of the first Emperor, to whom he bore a striking resemblance. Not long afterwards he invited me to dinner, when a curious and heated discussion as to the future of the Imperialist party took place at the dinner-table. The only other foreigner present at the party was Mr (afterwards Sir) Campbell Clarke, correspondent of 'The Daily Telegraph.' We left together, and agreed that our lips should be sealed as to the details of the discussion.

Campbell Clarke had made for himself an exceptional position in Paris; and his apartment in the Place de l'Opéra was a centre to which many interesting men of letters were attracted. It was there that I met for the first time the late Emile Zola, who in later years was

hounded and persecuted as the author of the famous manifesto in the Dreyfus case, "J'accuse," but has, after death, been removed to a resting-place in the Panthéon, the Westminster Abbey of France.

I saw a good deal of Monsieur Waddington, then a very prominent figure in French politics, and his charming American wife, subsequently so well known in this country as Ambassadress at the French Embassy, and later as authoress of the delightful 'Letters of a Diplomat's Wife.' My acquaintance with the Waddington family began at Woolwich in 1855, when Richard Waddington and I joined the Royal Military Academy together as cadets, and became friends. We were commissioned to the Royal Artillery on the same day, next to each other in the list. Some years later—in 1867—his parents invited me to stay with them at their country house, St Leger, near Rouen. They were

most kind and hospitable to me, and during my visit to them I went over the cotton mills at Rouen, which had been founded by my host's father.

My friend Richard had two elder brothers. The eldest, who was educated at Rugby and Cambridge and rowed in the Cambridge eight, entered into politics, became Prime Minister in France, and later was for many years French Ambassador in London. The second entered the business at Rouen. After the youngest brother Richard had been some ten years in the British Royal Artillery (he was in the Royal Horse Artillery as a subaltern) the second brother died, and Richard retired from our army and entered the business at Rouen. When the war with Germany was at its worst in 1870, he turned his English training to account, and raised a corps of artillery with which he served in the north of France. Sub-

sequently he became Conseiller - Général for his Department, then a Député, and eventually a Sénateur.

In my frequent visits to Paris, between 1871 and 1881, I constantly met my old friend Richard, who introduced me to his elder brother. When I went to Paris as Military Attaché, both the brothers showed me great kindness. I particularly remember a *déjeuner* given by Richard Waddington, where I was not only the only foreigner present, but the only man who was not either a Député or a Sénateur. I sat next to M. Wilson, President Grévy's son-in-law, who afterwards attained an unenviable notoriety in connection with a charge of trafficking in decorations which greatly damaged President Grévy's position.

The elder Waddington was a staunch opponent of Gambetta on the question of "Scrutin de Liste," and I well remember his saying to me on the morning after the

vote in its favour in the Chamber, "La France s'est donné un Maître."

The mention of Gambetta reminds me that I recently read in that interesting book 'Le Cœur de Gambetta,' how Mlle. Léonie Laur tried to break him off some rather vulgar habits, especially spitting. And this carries my mind to a dinner at the Embassy at Paris in 1881, at which Gambetta and M. Spüller, his *fidus Achates*, were present, as well as Sir Charles Dilke. Lord Lyons was the host, and invited about six members of the Embassy, including myself. No outsider, other than the three above mentioned, was present. I remember that I thought Sir Charles Dilke by far the best talker of the party.

Lord Lyons disliked the smell of tobacco, but on this occasion made an exception to his general rule, by accompanying us all after dinner to the ground-floor rooms of

Mr Sheffield, his private secretary, where the smokers of the party, including Gambetta, all lit cigars. Gambetta, who was then in office, was in excellent spirits, and Lord Lyons introduced me to him, telling him I had been doing Red Cross work during the war. While conversing with him I saw Gambetta looking about on the floor, and said "Vous cherchez quelque chose, Excellence?" "Ce n'est rien," he said, got up, opened the door, and spat into the passage outside. He had been looking for a spittoon.

In the course of our conversation on military subjects, Gambetta said, "There are only two things that a soldier need know in these days, *Marcher et tirer*." I said, "Pardon, Excellence, il y a encore une chose : il faut qu'il sache obéir." "Ah, quant à cela, la discipline ne nous à jamais manquée." The length of the soldier's term of service with the colours was then

much in his mind: he thought it could be safely reduced, but the senior officers of the army were of a different opinion.

In this year, too, in Paris, I first made the acquaintance of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was then Financial Secretary to the War Office in Mr Gladstone's Government. He called on me and asked me to obtain facilities for him to visit some French military establishments, which I was fortunately able to do. I afterwards served under him when he was Secretary of State for War in Mr Gladstone's Government in 1886, and we were both members of Lord Hartington's Royal Commission on Naval and Military Administration during the two following years. I dined with him from time to time at his house in Grosvenor Place. He was a good linguist and a man of culture, but at the War Office he obtained the sobriquet of Gallio, because it was

said that "he cared for none of these things."

Lord Lyons was a kind chief, and most hospitable, but it was impossible for him at that time to entertain on any large scale, as French society was broken up into sections. The Faubourg St Germain and the Imperialist party did not care to meet each other; neither cared to meet the Ministers of the Republic. Mr (afterwards Sir Francis) Adams was First Secretary of Embassy on my arrival, and on his departure to become our Minister in Switzerland was succeeded by Mr (afterwards Sir Francis) Plunkett, later our ambassador at Vienna; both were very friendly, but they could not help me in my work. Amongst those in the Chancery were Mr (now Sir Gerald) Lowther, ambassador at Constantinople; Hon. (afterwards Sir) William Barrington, who later on became Minister at Buenos

Ayres and Stockholm; Hon. Henry Edwardes, who died young; and Mr O'Connor, who, as Sir Nicholas O'Connor, was subsequently British ambassador at St Petersburg and Constantinople. I remember particularly a luncheon at Laurent's restaurant, at which O'Connor was the host and Lord Hartington,¹ M. de Blowitz, the 'Times' correspondent, and myself the guests, when Blowitz gave us some extraordinarily interesting reminiscences. On a later occasion I dined one night with Blowitz at his apartment to meet M. de Lesseps. The only lady present was Madame de Blowitz. Lord Rowton and O'Connor were of the party. After dinner

¹ I first met Lord Hartington, later 8th Duke of Devonshire, as Mr Cavendish, in the mess-room of the Derbyshire Militia, in which he was then a lieutenant, at Chesterfield in 1855. In the same summer I played for Chesterfield in a cricket match at Chatsworth, when he and his father, Lord Burlington, afterwards 7th Duke of Devonshire, played for Chatsworth, and the old 6th Duke of Devonshire was a spectator of the match.

Blowitz made a very interesting speech, proposing Lesseps' health. Speaking of the great men he had known, among whom were Bismarck and Cavour, he gave the palm for grandeur to Lesseps. Then he told us, in really eloquent language, the following story. A Frenchman living in Réunion was compelled by the illness of his wife to take her to France. He sailed with his wife and two young daughters, but they encountered storms, provisions ran short, and when their voyage round the Cape ended, the wife had succumbed to the hardships that had been incurred; the husband was a sorrowing widower, his children were orphans. Some time afterwards he called on M. de Lesseps, told him of his misfortunes and of his sufferings on that long sea voyage, and expressed the wish to dedicate the remainder of his life to the furtherance of the construction of the Suez Canal. Lesseps gave him an

appointment at Ismailia, and employment was found in one of the workshops there for his daughters. One day Lesseps was visiting the atelier, when his attention was attracted by these two girls, with whom he entered into conversation. He came again the next day, and gave to each of them a flower, saying that they should frame a wish last thing at night, and that if in the morning they found the flowers had opened their wishes would be granted. Next morning he came back to the atelier, and found one of the girls smiling, the other in tears. He asked the cause of her sadness. "My flower has not opened," she replied. "Tell me your wish, that, if possible, it may be granted." "Ah, to you least of all men can I tell it," was her answer. Lesseps married her, and so her wish was granted.

I was sitting next to Lesseps, and asked him in a whisper if the story was true.

“Passablement,” he said; and in his graceful little speech in reply he did not deny or even correct the story. He talked after dinner of his children, and the extraordinary devotion of one of his daughters for him. He told me how he had taken her out with him to Panama, and how one day on board ship he stepped backwards upon her foot, causing her to utter a cry of pain. He turned to console her, when she said, “Oh, papa, if you knew how I love to be hurt by you!”

Lesseps was a man of extraordinary vigour, but he was then old; he insisted on walking home, and Blowitz asked O’Conor and myself to see him safely to his door. We started together, but as we passed the stage door of the Hippodrome he bade us good-night, and turned in there.

Amongst the English friends whom I remember in Paris in those days were Mr (now Sir Squire) Bancroft, who came over

to arrange with M. Sardou for the production in England of his famous play "Dora," which Bancroft produced in English as "Diplomacy," with great success; and Arthur Sullivan, the musical composer. One night, when we were dining *tête-à-tête* at Bignon's, I drew Sullivan into talking about his light operas, and comparing them with those of Offenbach and other French composers. He told me that he thought the septette in "Patience" his best composition in light operatic music.

I saw much of Marshal Canrobert. He told me many incidents of his campaigns, especially of the fighting before Metz. The subject of these is so purely military that they would only interest close students of war, except where occasionally they were told to illustrate some favourite theory. He was never tired of emphasising the absolute necessity of exactness and precision in orders, and of ensur-

ing their correct delivery. He told me that at Novara, two days before the battle of Magenta, the Emperor told him he need not hold his corps in readiness to march,—“c'est inutile”; and again, on the morning of the battle, the same: so the Marshal made his dispositions accordingly. Presently one brigade was required, and he sent it. Then the Emperor, seeing the need for reinforcements, gave instructions to summon Canrobert's corps. The Emperor, he said, had with him fifty officers; but the order was sent verbally by a non-commissioned officer, who is told, “Allez, appelez le Maréchal Canrobert.” The *brigadier* started, rode about for a long time at Novara, and at last returned and reported, “Sire, je n'ai pas pu trouver le Maréchal Canrobert.” Luckily Canrobert had set his troops in motion on his own initiative. When he arrived the Emperor said, “Il y a longtemps que

je vous attends.” And he replied: “And if I had not started without orders, sire, vous m’auriez attendu plus longtemps encore.”

Another illustration was taken from the fighting in Paris during the Commune. He told me that General Garnier, whose brigade had advanced more rapidly than the brigades on his flanks, was ordered to halt till the other brigades came up to the same alignment. As, owing to the nature of the opposition, this would apparently take some hours, and as his men were hungry, the General sent a staff officer to tell the colonel commanding one of his regiments to “Faire la soupe.”

A few minutes afterwards Garnier heard the drums beating and saw a column advancing in the street against a barricade. He rushed to meet them, and asked, “What are you doing here?” The colonel replied, “I was ordered to ‘Faire l’assaut.’” “By whom?” “By this staff

officer." And the staff officer insisted that that was the order he had received from the lips of the General.

From these instances and others Canrobert argued that orders sent on the field should be taken down in writing, and repeated aloud from the written text before being despatched. The time lost, he said, would be infinitesimal—especially if, as he advocated, every staff officer were compelled to learn to take down a message in shorthand.

But most important to his mind was the wording of the order itself, so that it could not be misinterpreted, and his favourite story was "Le Bourgeois de Falaise." In the town of Falaise an order was for some good reason issued that no one should go out at night without a lantern. The first night after the issue of the order an official ran up against a man in the dark and hauled

him before the authorities. "Where is your lantern?" "It is here." "But there is no candle in it." "Your order said nothing about a candle." On the next night the same bourgeois is again run into, and again brought up. "What have you to say?" "Here is the lantern and the candle in it." "But the candle is not lighted." "Your order said nothing about its being lighted."

"Rappelez bien ceci," he said, "dans le commandement la première chose est la précision, l'exactitude même dans les ordres."

Once when he had been led to talk to me about the tremendous fire at one particular spot during the battle of Gravelotte, of which his staff had told me, I said, "It is wonderful that you were not killed." "No," he said, "Marshal Bugeaud was right when he said, 'Ils sont toujours les mêmes qui se font tuer.'" Then we

went on to speak of what constitutes courage in the field, and he said—

“Les braves se divisent en quatre catégories. (1) Les braves par nature. Ils sont très rares. Le danger les attire, et ils se font tuer presque toujours. (2) Les braves par devoir. Ils sont assez nombreux. (3) Les braves par amour propre et ambition. Ils sont très nombreux. (4) Les braves par peur, assez nombreux. Il y a aussi les poltrons, qui sont rares.”

Enlarging on this, he said that the second class, the brave from the sense of duty, were most numerous in the English army; and the third class, the brave from ambition, most numerous in the French army. When I asked what he meant by the brave through fear, he said the men who fear the jeers and contempt of their comrades if they hang back even more than they fear the bullets if they advance.

As soldier to soldier he spoke frankly enough: but he was never willing to discuss politics or politicians with me. Once he spoke of M. Thiers as "Un homme calme, sensible, et parlant franchement." And once speaking of the misfortunes of his country, he said—

"Il y a quatre choses qui font le malheur de la France: la phrase—la pose—le scepticisme—l'égoïsme." As an instance of "la phrase," he gave Lebœuf's assertion before the war, that France was ready "jusqu'au dernier bouton de guêtre"; of "la pose," Jules Favre's assertion before the treaty of peace with Germany, "pas une pierre de nos forteresses, pas un pouce de nôtre territoire."

Marshal Canrobert never impressed me as a great strategist, or as likely to have been a success in supreme independent command of an army. I am convinced that he knew his own limitations, and

that it was that knowledge, as well as his strong sense of discipline, that caused him to serve willingly and loyally under his juniors both in the Crimea and in the war against Germany. But I am equally convinced, from all I saw and heard, that he was a first-rate commander of an army corps forming part of an army, and that he possessed two grand qualities of a soldier—indomitable courage and contempt of danger, and the personal magnetism which caused him to be loved alike by officers and men.

In the summer of 1881 I made an interesting little tour on the Franco-Italian frontier, crossing over the Mont Cenis by the old road. It was at the time when feeling between France and Italy was strained by the French occupation of Tunis. On the whole road between Modane and Susa we met no vehicle except two hay carts, but on

the side of the mountain just inside the Italian frontier we came upon a party of Italian sappers laying mines under the road, and on the plateau below an Italian brigade was encamped. We lunched at the inn near the lake, which supplied us with excellent trout for our meal. It was a lovely drive, which I can recommend to any one who can spare a day for it, and very preferable to the long dark railway tunnel.

It was at this time that, in answer to some remarks of mine on the political situation, I received from Lord Lytton a letter, dated May 31, 1881, from which I am permitted to quote the following extracts :—

If Bismarck's scheme be, as I imagine it to be, to make Austria a great Oriental power, Russia a great Asiatic power, France a great Mediterranean and African power, Germany a great European power, and England only an Atlantic power, why should France forego the accession of importance she may easily acquire with the

goodwill and co-operation of Germany from supremacy in Tunis? . . .

Bismarck has made war on Austria and France, and thrashed them both severely. But I am persuaded that his object was—not to destroy either of them, but to change their centres of gravity and rotation,—forcing Austria to become a Slav instead of a German power, and France to seek expansion seaward rather than landward, thus rendering the future development of these two States not impossible but easier in certain directions than in others, and of a kind conducive instead of antagonistic to the tranquillity and free development of Germany, . . . whilst Russia, checked by Austria in her European line of advance, will find the natural and only possible outlet for her aggressive activities in Central Asia. . . .

I venture to think that these remarkable passages afford the key to many events of the succeeding years, in which we have seen Russia press forward in Asia till checked by Japan in Manchuria; France consolidate her hold over her dependency of Tunis, and endeavour to establish her predominance in Morocco; and Austria annex Bosnia and Herzegovina; Germany, so far, looking on, content

to see these other Powers playing her game, while she has steadily increased her predominant military strength and commenced the building up of that powerful navy which is destined, unless we are wise in time, to reduce England to the position of "only an Atlantic power."

In the autumn I attended the manœuvres. Foreign officers generally were not invited to attend until the grand manœuvres of corps against corps began; but the General commanding one of the corps asked me to come as his guest to the brigade and divisional manœuvres, which were far more interesting than the larger "set piece."

It is needless to say that in the winter my duties called me to the South and the sunshine. At Nice I stayed at the Cercle de la Méditerranée, where, strange to say, no high play was going on. At this time many French clubs lived chiefly by the profits of the *cagnotte* — the dues paid by

the holder of the bank at baccarat. In contrast with public gambling-rooms, money was not staked on the table at baccarat, but counters representing different sums were purchased from the steward and staked instead of coin. It had always been understood that these counters would be cashed by the club on presentation; but shortly before my arrival a foreign member of the club had succeeded in obtaining from the steward counters to a considerable value on credit, had lost heavily, and then disappeared. The winners had presented the counters, the club had refused to cash them. An action was pending, which the club eventually gained, and meanwhile all play was suspended, and the club was practically deserted. On this visit I laid the foundation of a great friendship with Mr (afterwards Sir James) Harris, for many years H.M. Consul at Nice.

On a Sunday evening in May 1882 I arrived at Charing Cross Station, having obtained a few days' leave of absence on private affairs. On the platform the inspector told me of the murder on the previous day of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin. That evening I posted a note to the War Office, reporting my arrival, and saying that I had urgent business on Monday, but would call on the Adjutant-General on Tuesday morning, in case he or the Duke of Cambridge might wish to see me. Arriving at the Club on Monday evening, I heard that several messages had come during the day desiring me to call at the War Office, and there was a note for me from Mr Childers, the Secretary of State, saying he wished to see me early on Tuesday. I called as desired, and was shown into Mr Childers' room. He said "The Government wish you to go to

Ireland." I asked in what capacity, and was told it was to take charge of the police. I did not wish to go, and said so. I said that my one wish was to see active service. I thought there would be war in Egypt, and hoped to be allowed to go. Mr Childers said, "It is war in Ireland, the Government have selected you, and I do not think you can refuse."

So much I have felt bound to say in connection with what happened afterwards. I went to Ireland with no official position, but after some time was appointed "Assistant Under-Secretary for Police and Crime." In a few weeks, while over for a day in London, I wrote asking leave to resign, hoping to be allowed to go with Sir Garnet Wolseley to Egypt. This gave great offence to Her Majesty's Government; I was refused permission to go to Egypt in any capacity, and was placed upon the half-pay of a major. I have only one

word more to say in connection with this unfortunate episode in my career, and that is to express my grateful sense of the kindness and hospitality shown to me by Lord and Lady Spencer, whose guest I was at the Viceroy's Lodge for the first weeks of my stay in Ireland. Some years afterwards, when I was on the Governor-General's Council, we met again as friends in India, and they invited me to dinner on my return from India, in 1896. Trevelyan, who had been Irish Chief Secretary at the time, and I also met again as friends at Holmbury, the house of that delightful host, who is, alas! no longer with us, the late Hon. Frederick Leveson Gower.

The remainder of that year seems like a bad dream. I had lost my appointment in Paris, I was in disgrace at the War Office, and the future was black before me. But this was nothing compared with the misery of seeing my chief in four expeditions

and my old comrades start for Egypt without me. All my time was spare time now, but I had not the heart to work.

Sometime during the summer I was sounded by the Hon. Edward Stanhope, of whom I afterwards saw much when he was Secretary of State for War, as to whether it would suit me to become the Chief Agent of the Conservative Party. Some correspondence took place between us. I do not think that I should have suited the Party, and they arrived at the same conclusion. I am glad to say I have never had anything to do with party politics, and as a soldier on the active list, always held aloof even from voting, and never appeared on a political platform.

In the winter, Mr George Meredith, who was a friend of my brother Charles, kindly invited me to write a short life of Maurice de Saxe for a series of lives of Great Military Commanders that he had undertaken

to set going, and for which my brother wrote 'Frederick the Great,' Sir Edward Hamley 'Wellington,' Colonel Malleon 'Loudon,' and Colonel Henry Hozier 'Turenne.' I commenced my studies for the book at the British Museum, but my energies seemed paralysed, and I regret to say that I never wrote more than the first few pages, which dealt only with the remarkable parents of that remarkable man. In November 1883 Mr Meredith wrote saying that he proposed to make a beginning in January, that he heard favourable opinions of the scheme and idea of the series, "but competent writers on military subjects are not numerous, and hard to collect. Do not let me hear that there is a chance of losing you." But I was then at Gibraltar, and the necessary material for the life was no longer at hand.

A gleam of hope had come to me in

October when it was announced that my old friend Colonel Valentine Baker, now Baker Pasha, had been selected to command the new Egyptian army to be raised and organised, after the defeat of Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir and his capture at Cairo. I telegraphed on the 4th to Sir Garnet Wolseley, who was then at Cairo, "Kindly suggest my name to Baker." I received a most kind letter from Sir Garnet, saying that he had shown Baker my telegram, and that he thought he would be glad to have my services when he had matured his plans and obtained official sanction for them. This letter I received on the 19th, and on the 20th I wrote to Baker. On the 27th I received the following telegram from Baker: "Proposed Chief of Staff, Major-General, twelve hundred, see Wolseley, get consent War Office." Alas! when I went to the War Office, it was only to learn that high

authority had decided that Baker should not have the command. My disappointment was great, but it sank to insignificance compared with the blow which had been mercilessly inflicted on my old friend. Recognised throughout the whole army as a brilliant soldier and cavalry leader, he had been guilty of an offence which had brought him under the arm of the law, had suffered the legal penalty, and had in addition been compelled to resign his commission. Subsequently he had taken service in the Turkish army, had won golden laurels in the field in the war against Russia, and had accepted a high appointment at Constantinople, which he had resigned in order to take the command in Egypt. If ever a man had purged his offence, it was he. But the spirit of Puritanism prevailed over the quality of mercy, and the uncompromising fiat went forth bidding him abandon all

hope. And so my gleam of hope and his vanished together.

One evening, in the December of this year, I was leaving my club in Charles Street, St James's Square, when a great light attracted my attention. I ran towards Leicester Square and found that the Alhambra was on fire. I was so early on the scene that the police had not had time to form a cordon, and on the arrival of the first fire-engine from Southwark, with my friend Captain (afterwards Sir Eyre) Shaw, chief officer of the brigade, upon it, I asked him to show me what he could of their methods of work. I had been with him that afternoon at the headquarters of the brigade at Southwark, and he gave me his lantern and said that it would pass me everywhere. I remained watching this appalling fire till, at an early hour in the morning, Shaw asked me to come with him, as he wished to show me

something. He took me to the street which runs at the back of the Alhambra, into a small house there, and up on to its roof. There towering above us was the immense wall which formed the north side of the stage, entirely unsupported. On the roof on which we were standing three firemen were directing hose upon the adjoining buildings. In a quiet voice, quite audible to the men, Shaw said that he wished to show me one of the dangers to which his men were exposed—that the wall might fall at any moment, but that it was absolutely necessary to keep the men there to prevent the fire from spreading. We remained a few minutes, said “good night” to the men, and then I went home. On the following morning I learnt that the wall had fallen, and that two of the men were mortally injured. Shaw wrote to me telling me when the funeral would take place, and saying that if I

would let him know where I could be on the route, the band should play as it passed by.

That night of the fire Shaw had a very narrow escape of his life. He was one of the men who are brave by nature, and he was absolutely without the sense of fear. I saw a great deal of him for many years, and when I was leaving for India in 1891 he sent me a large signed photograph of himself saying, "Will you keep the accompanying photo to remind you of one of your many true friends." He, too, after much suffering, has been called to a better world. His many friends will miss that familiar figure seated in a bath-chair at the corner of Rotten Row, his daily resort for many years towards the close of his life.

After a short spell of duty as a major at Portsmouth, I was promoted by seniority to a regimental lieutenant-colonelcy, and

sent, in May 1883, to Gibraltar. A very kind friend, knowing the depression of spirits under which I was suffering, came to see me off, and presented me on board with a poodle puppy. In my work at Gibraltar there was much to interest me, and in my spare time I taught my poodle tricks, and studied Spanish, at which I worked three or four hours a-day for six months, attaining a fair conversational proficiency in the language. Then in November I started on a short tour in southern Spain, visiting Cadiz, where my uncle, Sir John Brackenbury, and afterwards his son, Mr J. M. Brackenbury, had for many years been consuls. Thence I went to Xeres, where I was most hospitably entertained by Mr Davis, a famous wine grower and exporter of sherry, and also a great pigeon shot. He told me how in a match, in which he and the then king of Spain, who was also a very good

shot, were left in to shoot off the final tie, he had felt himself in an awkward position, but the king had bidden him shoot his best: he did so, and won the match. After a visit to Cordova, I went to Seville, meeting here my cousin, Captain (now Admiral) John Brackenbury, and his sister, married to General Delgado of the Spanish army, now Captain-General at Seville, who introduced me at the Club. I returned to Gibraltar by way of Granada and Malaga.

A fortnight before Christmas I obtained a short leave of absence, and accompanied by a friend and his wife who were paying me a visit, crossed over to Tangier. There we decided to make a trip to Tetuan, our camping arrangements being entrusted to M. Bruzeaud, the son of the French proprietor of our hotel. The evening of the second day brought us to the outskirts of the walled city of Tetuan. In spite of

heavy clouds and rising wind, we unwisely elected to camp outside the town, the only site available being a maize stubble field. As the sun went down the wind rose to a gale and torrents of rain fell. We dined as best we could, taking it in turn to hold on to the tent-pole and hammer in the pegs of our dining-tent; but before long it became evident that we could not pass the night in this way, and the soldier who had served as our escort from Tangier was sent to request the permission of the Governor for our admission to the town. By the time of his return we had packed most of our few belongings, but our tents had all collapsed, and our camping-ground was a sea of deep, sticky mud. Our soldier brought some men with him, who carried our hand-baggage; the lady was carried on the back of a Moorish soldier, and the rest of us walked. The gates of the town, which

had been closed at sunset, were opened for us, as were the gates of the Jewish quarter. There had been no rain for a long time, and the accumulated garbage of the town was being carried through the narrow streets by rivers of rain-water, which were almost up to our knees. Finally, we reached the house of Mr Nahon, H.M. Vice-Consul, where we were put up. The storm, in which the *Euphrates* on her way to India with 1300 troops on board ran aground off Tarifa,¹ raged for two days and nights, and we then learnt that the road to Tangier had been washed away, and that there was no possibility of our returning by it. Our only chance was to proceed by a coast road to Ceuta, but we must wait till a river which we

¹ Tariff Reformers may be reminded that the word tariff is derived from Tarifa, where in former days the Moors levied a tax on all passing vessels.

should have to cross, and which was still impassable, had partially subsided. And so we spent a week in Tetuan. We visited, by the kind permission of their owners, the houses of two of the leading Moors. At the first house we made the acquaintance of its owner, Khatib by name, and his two brothers. Khatib was a Hadji, having made the pilgrimage to Mecca. He had visited Damascus and Suez on business. One of his brothers, a nephew of the Moorish Foreign Minister who had signed the treaty with Sir John Hay, had been to Marseilles and to Genoa. He told us that he had been thirty days on the voyage in a trading vessel from Gibraltar to Genoa, where he had had fifteen days' quarantine, followed by seven days' quarantine at Gibraltar on his return, so that foreign travel had not commended itself to him. He had also visited Seville, Cordova, and Granada, where an ancestor of his had

been Grand Vizier in the days of Moorish supremacy in Spain; and he still possessed the key of his ancestor's house at Granada, which he said had been destroyed by the Spaniards. The third brother had been to Paris, Manchester, and London. The lady of our party visited the ladies of the family, who showed her their dresses and their jewels and were much interested in her clothes. We were waited upon by black slaves; violets and jasmine were picked for us by a little negro boy, dressed in a white garment from neck to knee, over which was a scarlet coat. Tea was served to us in china cups, with sugar and lemon, from a silver-plated samovar.

We visited the market, where we saw a procession of a holy man, preceded by pipes, drums, and flags, and followed by a collecting-box. We had expected to see a slave-market, but there were no slaves on sale. We were told that the price of

a female slave ranged from £5 to £30, according to her age and looks, and that the price of a male slave averaged £15. We inspected the bazaars, where we saw various industries in progress. Amongst these the most noteworthy were the manufacture of carved brass trays, guns of an antiquated pattern, powder-horns, cartridge-belts, and bullet-bags, cords of hemp and silk, wood-carving, mat-making, and leather-work, especially shoes. The yellow leather slippers were dyed with pomegranate, and the red leather with Campeachy wood which was imported for the purpose. There were many beautiful silk embroideries for sale. We saw judgment given by the Cadi in Court, inspected the wretched prison where 200 prisoners were confined, the barracks, and an old Moorish palace which had fallen into decay, and where tailors were at work making clothes for the troops. 112 infantry soldiers and 20

gunners were quartered in Tetuan, but they lived at their own homes and not in the barracks.

We were free to go everywhere and never were subjected to the smallest annoyance, but were obliged to be back in the Jewish quarter before the gates of it were locked at sundown. I was taken by Mr Nahon to a small café, where a tiny room, not much larger than a modern bathroom, was used by some of the leading merchants and tradesmen as a club. Here I have sat for two hours at a time, smoking and drinking excellent coffee, and conversing as best I could with the members of the club. One of these, a watchmaker, spoke Spanish, and through him we conducted our conversation. They were much interested in India and in the rule of the British over their Mussulman subjects, which formed a staple topic of conversation. At this time the population of Tetuan was

about 20,000, and its exports and imports amounted to between £50,000 and £60,000 a-year. Smallpox was raging in the town, the deaths being about fifteen a-day. Khatib's wife had lost two of her four children from it, and a child died of it in the house next door to Nahon's, in the Jewish quarter, while we were there.

On Christmas Eve we started for Ceuta. Our way for a great part of the distance lay along the sea-shore, which was strewn with fragments of wreck, many beautiful shells, and numbers of sponges thrown up by the gale. We crossed the river with some difficulty, our ponies being at times swept off their legs. At last we arrived at our inn, the squalor and stench of which can never be forgotten. A room was found for my friend and his wife, and I slept on a bench in the dining-room. The following morning we were on the quay at the hour when the steamer for

Algeciras was due to start; but there was no sign of any preparation for departure, and a number of Gibraltar Spaniards who wanted to cross made no secret of their opinion that the captain, whose wife and family lived in Ceuta, wished to spend his Christmas with them, and would find an excuse for not sailing. Presently the captain came down to the quay, and said that he considered the sea unfit for the voyage. My leave was up, and our Christmas dinner was awaiting us at Gibraltar, while on this side were the filth and stench of the inn. I told the captain who I was, and asked whether the question of departure rested entirely with him. He said that he was under the port-captain, as he carried the mails. He went with me to the port-captain, whom we found in bed, but who mounted to the roof of his house with us, and after looking at the sea with his telescope and holding

some discussion with the captain, decided that we should start. My friends and I embarked; but of all the Spaniards who had been so loud in their remarks half an hour earlier, only one had the pluck to go with us. We steamed slowly out of the harbour, watched by all the population of the town, and when we had got clear of the headland we found ourselves in the trough of a tremendous sea, rolling from the eastward. After a few minutes of this the captain asked me to speak with him on the bridge, and there said to me quite calmly, "Señor Coronel, it is for you to say what we should do: in my opinion, if we go on, neither you nor I, nor any one on board this steamer, will ever see Algeciras or Ceuta again." Of course I begged him to return: "that," he said, "is not so easy; the engines of this old steamer are not powerful enough to take her round with her head to the sea, we must go about

the other way, and if we are pooped by one of these seas the water will put out our fires through the open hatch over the engine, and we shall be in a bad way." By the mercy of Providence we got round, and when we were once more under the lee of the shore the captain asked me to come into his cabin. There he opened a box and took out of many wrappings the Cross of the Legion of Honour, with a document saying it had been granted him by the French Government for his bravery in saving the life of French sailors at sea. Then out of more wrappings he took an English gold watch and a document saying that it had been presented to him by the Board of Trade for his bravery in saving the lives of English sailors. Putting them back into the box, he said, "I only wanted to show you that I am not a coward." I think I never felt so small in my life. With my landsman's

ignorance, I had been dictating to this brave and skilful sailor as to what he ought to do, and causing imminent risk to all on board that vessel. I told him I was ashamed of myself, and begged his pardon. The next day the sea had gone down, and we crossed in safety. The captain had forgiven me, and he and I became friends.

Before I leave the subject of Morocco, a country now so prominently before the public, I may mention that I had been struck by some of the ancient ruins which we had passed, and in writing to Sir John Drummond Hay, our Minister at Tangier, who had been very kind to us, I mentioned them. He wrote to me—

The ruins you passed near the road, about half-way between Tangier and Fondak, are Roman. I do not think there was any town, but that it was a Campus *Æstivus*. There are ruins of more importance on the hill Zematis, to the south of this site, but they are ancient Mauretanian. There are also in many parts

of this country very curious Libyan remains of a rude character, and the traces of solar temples or of fire-worshippers are scattered over the country. Of the Phœnicians I have seen hardly any remains, though it would require more lore than I possess to distinguish between the Libyan and the Phœnician. There are tombs in this neighbourhood which are probably Phœnician, but they have been ransacked years ago. The description you give of the site near the caves of Tetuan, where you suppose there are tombs of Phœnicians similar to those found in Cyprus, is deeply interesting, and I shall bear it in mind when I pay a visit to that town.

From this letter it would appear that if Morocco ever becomes opened up to European enterprise, it will not be without interest to archæologists.

In the early summer of 1884 I received a very kind letter from Lord Wolseley, in which he said that there must be an expedition to Egypt soon, and advised me to apply for leave and come to England. The Governor of Gibraltar, Sir John Adye, gave me leave, and in August I was ordered out to Cairo. On account of

an urgent private matter which detained me, I had to follow, instead of accompanying Lord Wolseley and his staff. Egypt had placed France in quarantine, so I proceeded by way of Vienna and Trieste, travelling from Cologne with my old friend Baker Pasha and his daughter. On arrival at Cairo on 13th September I was appointed Deputy Adjutant-General at Headquarters, my friend and comrade of Ashanti days, Sir Redvers Buller, being Chief of the Staff. We soon went up the Nile to Wady Halfa, where Buller and his aide-de-camp (Lord Frederick Fitzgerald) and I lived together at very close quarters on a small dahabiyah from the 5th October to the 15th December, when we started for Korti, where we joined Lord Wolseley on the 24th. On the 29th I said good-bye to my dear friend Herbert Stewart, who was to march on the following day in command of the Desert Column,

never to return, and I started up the river with the rank of Brigadier - General, as chief staff officer and second in command of the River Column, which was under General Earle's command.

General Earle having been killed in action at Kirbekan on the 10th February 1885, I succeeded to the command, and we had reached Huella, near Abu Hamed, when on the 24th February we received an order of recall, and on 8th March arrived at Korti.

In an earlier part of these Memories I have spoken of Herbert Stewart when, in 1880, he was a captain, and I a lieutenant-colonel of nearly five years' standing. So brilliant was his after-career, that five years later, when he died of mortal wounds received at Abu Klea in the Sudan, he was a major-general and a K.C.B., while I was still a colonel. On Colley's staff at Majuba he was captured by the Boers ;

and on his return to England I dined with him and his wife in Hans Crescent, and we sat late into the night, while he told me the whole story of that disastrous affair. I have now the sketch which he drew for me of the position, with a cross marking the spot where he saw poor Colley fall.¹ Stewart was a gallant soldier, and a born leader of men. In him I lost a dear and true friend. A tablet in St Paul's Cathedral records his services.

With him at Abu Klea was killed another friend of mine, St Leger Herbert, as handsome as a young Greek god. He was a civilian with all a soldier's instincts and love of adventure. He had joined Sir Garnet's staff as Private Secretary for the expedition to Cyprus; in the same capacity he served in South Africa with us

¹ In March 1899 I expressed my appreciation of and admiration for this friend in an article in 'Maga,' entitled "Sir George Pomeroy-Colley: Some Personal Recollections."

in 1879-80, and as Special Correspondent of 'The Times' was killed in the Sudan.

Frank Rhodes, brother of Cecil Rhodes the maker of Rhodesia, was on Herbert Stewart's staff at Abu Klea, and when we met at Korti gave me the details of Stewart's wound and death. He should have had a fine career in the service, but he went back to South Africa to help his brother; he became implicated in the Jameson raid, and was one of those sentenced to death. He was removed from the army; but later, after he had been present with Lord Kitchener at Omdurman, he was reinstated. He was shut up in Ladysmith during the siege, and afterwards acted as Intelligence Officer to the force which relieved Mafeking, for which services he was given the Companionship of the Bath. His early death was a cause of grief to many loving friends and comrades, who have kept his memory alive at Eton,

his old school, by erecting a memorial brass in the chapel and founding a yearly prize for geography.

From Korti I was sent to command a brigade at Kurot on the Nile, where I remained till 1st June. One day, while in camp at Kurot, I and my small staff were expecting as guests at dinner General Dormer, Colonel (now Field-Marshal Sir George) White, and Frank Rhodes, who were living at Debbah, some two miles distant. We were the possessors of two bottles of champagne, which we had been nursing for this special occasion. At luncheon my A.D.C., Captain J. St Aubyn,¹ told me that he had directed our mess servant to put the two bottles into a chatty to cool them. This meant that he was to

¹ Now Colonel Lord St Levan. He retired from the command of the Grenadier Guards on 7th November last. He had been A.D.C. to General Earle, and when the latter was killed, consented to remain in the same capacity with me.

fill a chatty with water and put the bottles into the water, when the evaporation through the porous earthenware vessel would cool the water, and consequently the wine—a method of cooling fluids pursued by all dwellers in hot climates when ice is not available. But the man opened the bottles, and St Aubyn found him in the act of pouring their contents into the chatty. St Aubyn, with ready decision, poured the wine back into the bottles, corked them up, and put them to cool: he said he knew there was some soda-water somewhere in the camp, he would get it, and we would give our guests champagne cup. They would not know what had happened, and the cup would go further than the wine alone. It came off all right, and we enjoyed our cup.

This anecdote would scarcely have been worth telling were it not for a singular coincidence. No sooner had St Aubyn

told his story than my mind leapt back to an illustration in a book which I had read as a small boy and had never seen since. To verify my recollection I have now consulted the first edition (1842) of the book, 'Handy Andy' by Samuel Lover, with illustrations by the author, and have found at page 337 the illustration—a shock-headed Irish servant emptying a bottle of champagne into a tub of ice—and the passage to which the illustration refers:—

Dick gave Andy the necessary directions for icing the champagne. . . . Andy brought a large tub upstairs containing rough ice, which excited his wonder. . . . "Well, this is the queerest thing ever I heard of," said Andy. . . . They're not content with wine, but must have ice along with it, and in a tub too, just like pigs! Throth, it's a dirty trick, I think. Well, here goes," said he, and Andy opened a bottle of champagne and poured it into the tub with the ice. "How it fizzes," said Andy, . . . and another bottle of champagne was emptied into the tub as he spoke. Thus . . . Andy poured half a dozen of champagne into the tub of ice, and remarked when he had finished his work that he thought it would be "mighty cowl'd on their stomachs."

Now here was an absurd incident, invented in 1842 by a novelist as having taken place in Ireland, actually taking place on the banks of the Nile in the Nubian desert forty-three years after its invention. In this case truth is at least as strange as fiction.

In this rather desolate spot I found time to write an account of the operations in which I had been engaged, which was published in September by Messrs Blackwood & Sons as a post 8vo volume, under the title 'The River Column.' On leaving Kurot, I proceeded to Dongola, where I found Sir Redvers Buller. He started for Cairo on June 17, and I was left in command of the rearguard, with orders to bring down all troops and stores as far as the head of the Third Cataract, and there to wait till the Nile had risen sufficiently for the steamers and pinnaces, which were in charge of Captain Boardman,

R.N., to pass the Cataract and proceed down the river. While at Dongola I wrote an article for the 'Fortnightly Review,' called "Midsummer in the Soudan," which appeared in the August number of that periodical, then under the editorship of my old friend Escott.

Leaving Dongola on July 5 I proceeded to Hannek, at the head of the Third Cataract, and had a weary time there, living on board a native sailing boat (nuggar) with nothing to do but watch the bank to see how the river was rising. Some of those about me were impatient and wanted me to put pressure on Captain Boardman to hasten the departure of the steamers, but I had learned my lesson between Ceuta and Algeciras, and nothing could have tempted me to interfere with a sailor, even by suggestion, in the conduct of his own business. As it was, when he reported all ready and commenced moving down

his steamers, and, after consultation with him, I started myself, my nuggar was wrecked on a rock in the middle of the Cataract, and I and my staff and belongings had to be brought off in whalers by Captain Boardman and his sailors.

At Abri I handed over command of the rearguard to Brigadier-General (now Field-Marshal Lord) Grenfell, and proceeded to England with the least possible delay, arriving early in August 1885. This campaign brought me into touch with Captain Ian Hamilton of the Gordon Highlanders, now General Sir Ian Hamilton, Commanding-in-chief the troops in the Southern District, and Adjutant-General designate of the Forces. His company formed General Earle's escort, and on the general's death, continued as my escort till the river column was broken up.

On the day when our retirement down the river commenced, I entered Hamilton's

boat, and we shot those awful rapids of the Nile together. Friendship ripens fast under such conditions, and ours was continued after our return from Egypt. During the period following that campaign I have two interesting memories connecting me with him. On the first anniversary of the action of Kirbegan he dined with me, and the conversation turned on the different methods practised by men who had to work far beyond regulation hours. I told him how Lord Wolseley rose very early in the morning and worked for hours before breakfast, and how I pursued a different course, working through long hours of the night. Hamilton's objection to my system was that the brain would become so excited as to prevent sleep when tardy bed-time came. I said that my remedy was to read myself to sleep, but that it required a special sort of book, which must be sufficiently inter-

esting to prevent the thoughts from straying back to one's work and yet not so absorbing as to keep one from getting sleepy. "At this moment," I said, "I have got just the right book; it came to me from the library, and is anonymous; it is called, 'A Jaunt in a Junk.'" I saw such an extraordinary expression on Hamilton's face that I was moved to exclaim, "I believe you wrote it." "Yes," he replied, "and I believe you knew it." And I am not sure that to this day he believes that my recommendation to a budding author of his cherished work as a first-class substitute for a sleeping-draught was as accidental as it really was; but I know he has forgiven me, and no one could speak of his latest work in such terms, for 'A Staff-officer's Scrap-book,' in which he relates his experiences as Military Attaché with the Japanese Army in Manchuria during the war with Russia, is

far too interesting and exciting to be read last thing at night.

At this same dinner (he was then much interested in Indian Frontier problems) I asked him if he would like to make the acquaintance of Madame de Novikoff, who was then much *en évidence* in London and was credited with influencing Mr Gladstone in favour of Russia. He said that he would, and the next day being her "At home" day, we made an appointment and went together to call upon her at her hotel in Dover Street. The door of her sitting-room was thrown open for us, and there we found three persons seated together, evidently in such earnest consultation that I felt a certain awkwardness in entering. They were Madame de Novikoff, Mr Gladstone, and the Russian Ambassador M. de Stael. Our hostess introduced us and although Hamilton was not known to Mr Gladstone, he was greeted with great

cordiality. Mr Gladstone asked me what appointment I was now holding, and on my saying I was Head of the Intelligence Department, he said, "That must be very interesting work, but," in a very pointed way, "it is not the first very interesting appointment you have held," and I felt that I was not forgiven for abandoning Ireland in the hope of seeing service in Egypt in 1882.

A month or so after my return I was calling upon Lady Dorothy Nevill, when she introduced me to Mademoiselle de la Ramée, the famous authoress "Ouida," who, as soon as she heard my name, asked me if I was the writer of the article on the Soudan in the 'Fortnightly,' and on finding it was so, said she was glad to meet me, as she was already on friendly terms with my mice and my toads and my snake, animals that had lived in my hut at Dongola, and whose habits I had described. At her invitation

I called on her at the Langham Hotel, and went to one of her parties, where there was delightful music, Mrs Moncrieff singing to Isidore de Lara's accompaniment. Ouida was then living in what must have been an expensive way, and I was grieved to learn from the newspapers that she had died in poverty. Her last thought was for her dogs, the ruling passion, love of animals, strong in death.

I was now promoted to the rank of major-general for distinguished service in the field, and was again on half-pay. I doubt if it is realised by the public generally how great are the difficulties of a military career to an officer who is not possessed of private means. It would have been impossible for me to take a major-general's command at home or in the Colonies, involving as it would have done furnishing a large house, buying horses and carriages, and setting up an expensive

establishment for a maximum period of five years. My only chance was India. Sir Frederick (now Earl) Roberts, who was in England and about to return to India as Commander-in-Chief, kindly interested himself in endeavouring to obtain for me a command in that country. But the vacancy was wanted for some one else, and his kind efforts were in vain. I therefore, with great regret, turned my energies towards obtaining employment in civil life, which meant complete abandonment of my military career. Through the influence of a kind and powerful friend in the city I obtained the offer of a good appointment, and was within a few hours of accepting it, when I received intimation that I was to be appointed Deputy Quartermaster-General and Head of the Intelligence Branch at Headquarters.

This appointment I entered upon on the 1st January 1886, and held it under

its new title of Director of Military Intelligence till April 1891. One of my first acts was to sign and call on every officer serving under me to sign a declaration that during our tenure of office in that department we would not hold any communication, direct or indirect, with the press. My only departure from that was to send, with the Duke of Cambridge's permission and approval, a short letter to 'Truth,' which had suggested that I was the author of an anonymous military article in 'Maga,' denying the authorship, and making public the declaration signed by all officers of the Intelligence Department. And so my literary work came to an end, and it was not until the summer of 1898 that I again put pen to paper to write that review of "Stonewall Jackson" which has been alluded to in an earlier part of these Memories.

There is only one memory of the year

1886 which I must relate, because of its connection with what has been told of my unfortunate Irish experience in an earlier part of this article. I was very happy in the Intelligence Department, loved the work, and believed I had found my true vocation. After seven months of study I had written a carefully prepared paper on "The Situation at Home and Abroad from a Military point of view." In August 1886, Mr Gladstone having resigned office after a General Election on the Home Rule question, Lord Salisbury's Government returned into power, and I sent a copy of my paper to every member of the Cabinet. On the Saturday following their assumption of office, Mr W. H. Smith, the new Secretary of State for War, sent for me. He asked me to sit down, and I took the same chair in which I had sat in my notable interview with Mr Childers. Mr Smith at once said, using the same

words as Mr Childers, "The Government wish you to go to Ireland." I told Mr Smith that the proposal did not commend itself to me, and asked if I might have till Monday morning to consider it, and if I might consult Lord Lytton, with whom I was going to spend the Sunday at Knebworth. He consented. That evening I consulted Lord Lytton. I did not wait till Monday, but sent up a special messenger on Sunday morning with a letter, in which I asked permission to decline the offer, a decision which I have never regretted. The offer was then made to Sir Redvers Buller, who accepted.

At the close of my five years in the Intelligence Department I went to India for five years as Military Member of the Viceroy's Council, and returned to take up the appointment of President of the Ordnance Committee, which I held for nearly three years, when I was appointed Director-

General of Ordnance at the War Office (this post I held for five years), and finally closed my official career on 8th February 1904, at the expiration of the term of the appointment.

My experiences during these eighteen years—1886-1904—are of too recent date to be told without risk of indiscretion. Here, then, I end these “Memories of My Spare Time.” They will have served their purpose if they show how much can be done in the spare time of a busy life.

To the employment of my spare time, which has been sketched in these papers, I attribute to a great extent whatever measure of success I had in my profession. It is not merely that to my pen I owed the means which enabled me to keep my head above water, to buy books, to travel, and to study theatres of campaigns and battlefields, and the administration of foreign armies. Writing for the press compelled

constant observation and constant work, preventing the brain from rusting. It brought me into contact with superior minds. It was my studies for this outside work that enabled me to take up the Professorship of Military History. It was my work for the press that brought about that connection with the Red Cross Society which gave me my first insight into administration. It was this Red Cross work and my work as a lecturer, outside my professional duties, which brought me under the notice of Sir Garnet Wolseley, and so gave me my first employment as a staff officer in the field. My experience is, that the knowledge that through the press one could communicate thoughts and ideas to a wider circle than could be reached in any other way was the stimulus needed to turn toil into pleasure, and to give fresh strength to flagging energies. And there was the feeling that one was hourly ac-

cumulating knowledge that would be of value if ever opportunity should offer to turn it to account in war.

Amongst the soldiers of the latter half of the last century there is no figure more fascinating to me than Stonewall Jackson, in possessing whom, as leader of a detached force, Colonel Henderson rightly says that Lee was more fortunate than Napoleon. And it was Stonewall Jackson who said that "a man who had turned, with a good military reputation, to pursuits of a semi-military character, and had vigorously prosecuted his mental improvement, would have more chance of success in war than those who had remained in the treadmill of the garrison."

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